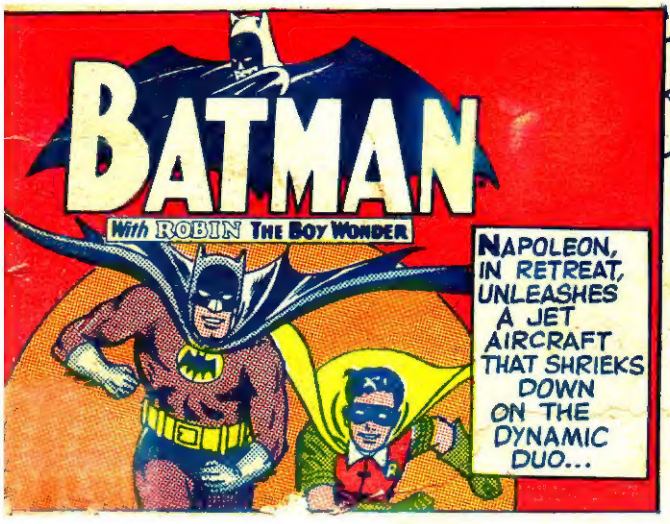
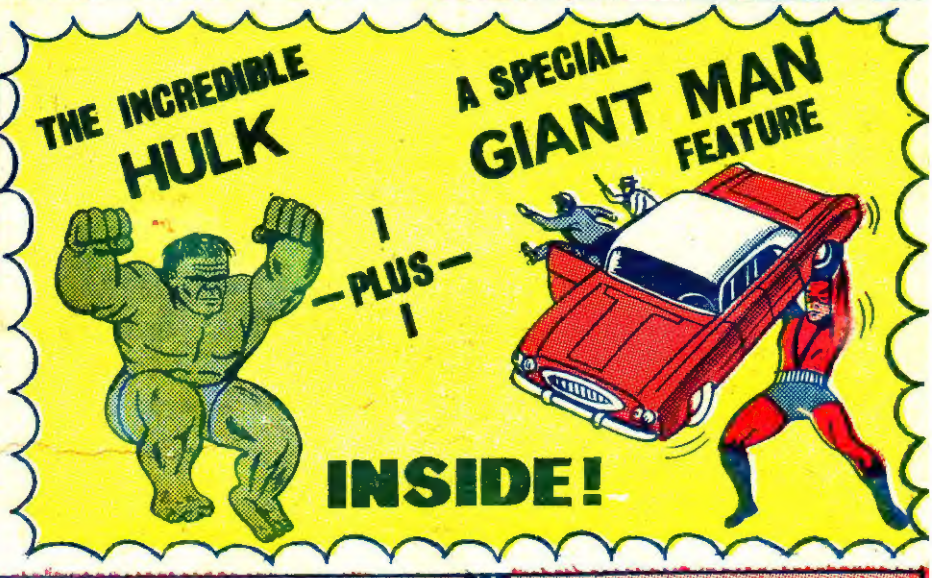
A POWER COMIC

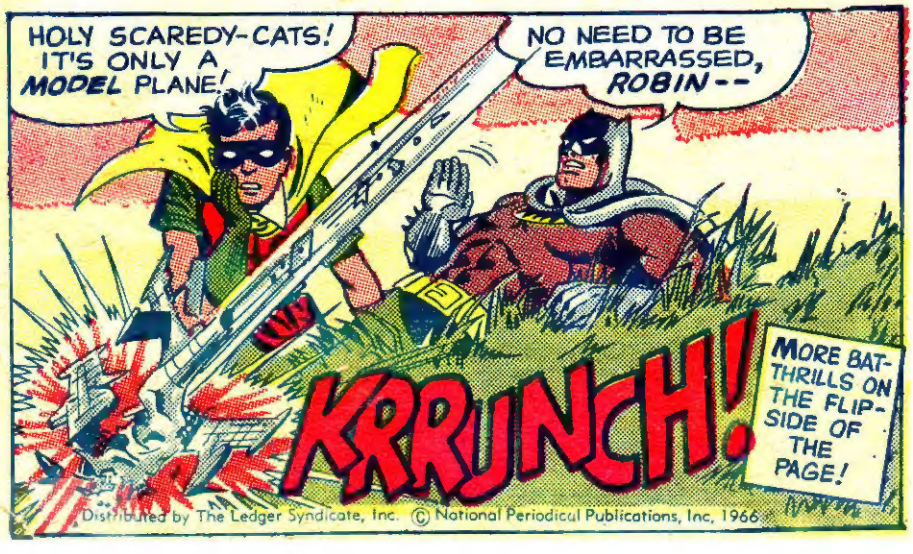
MAKE THIS CHRISTMAS A CRACKER WITH...

SMASH!

No.47
24th DEC. 1966
EVERY MONDAY
7d







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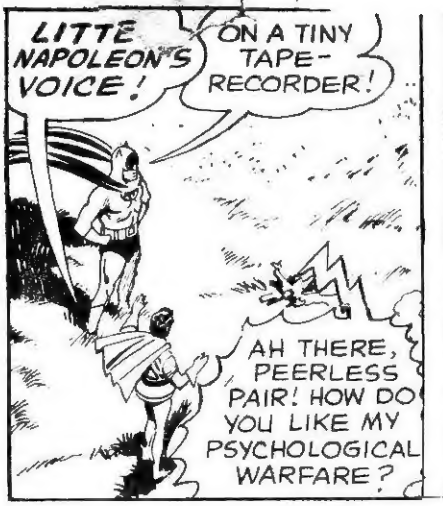

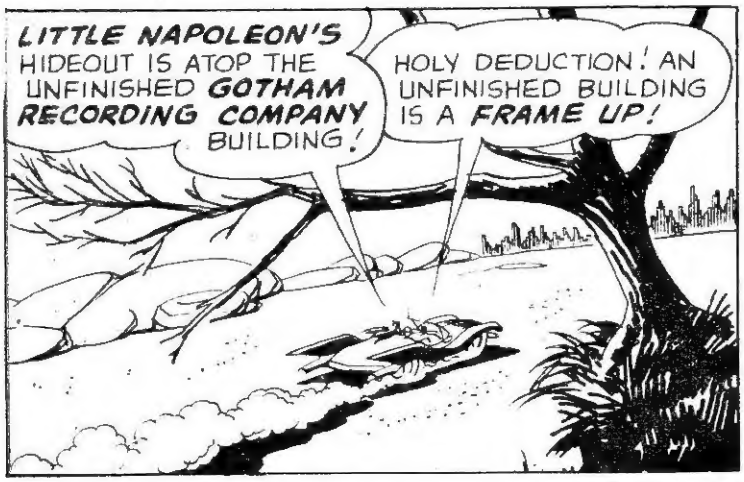

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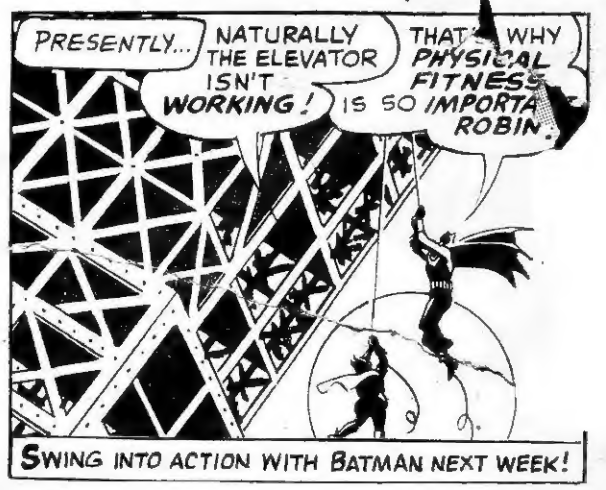

SWING INTO ACTION WITH BATMAN NEXT WEEK!

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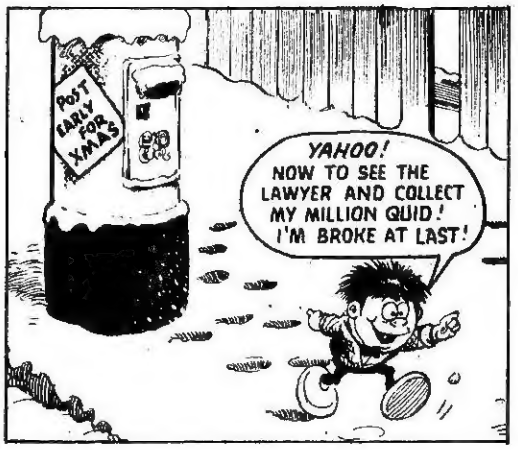
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

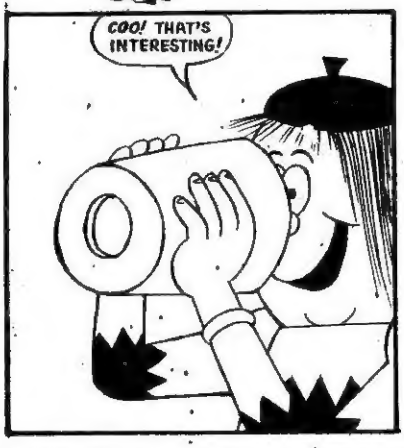
RONNIE RICH



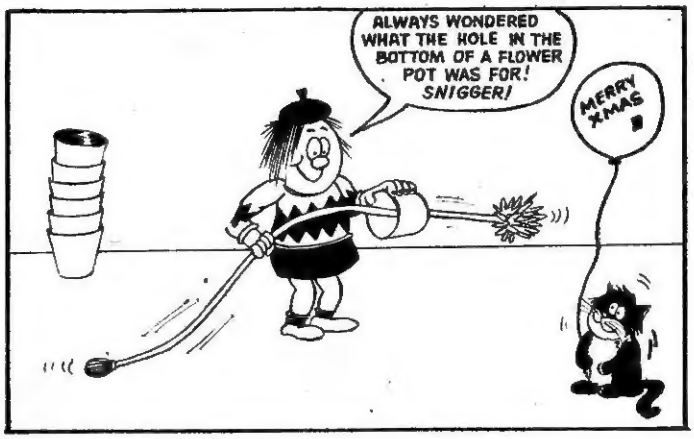
AMMO

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY
1966

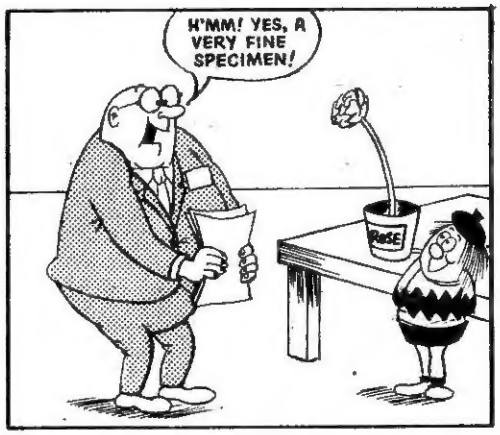

COO! THAT'S INTERESTING!

HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!


ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT THE HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF A FLOWER POT WAS FOR! SNIGGER!
MERRY XMAS

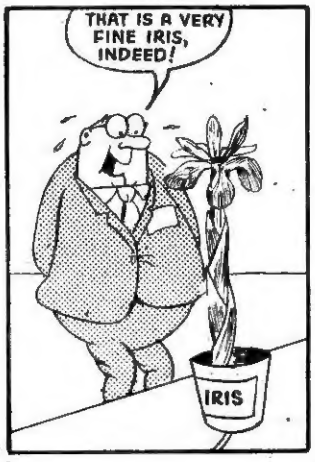
HEH! HEH! NOW I KNOW!
SPLOSH!
A PERFECT BLOOMING NUISANCE!

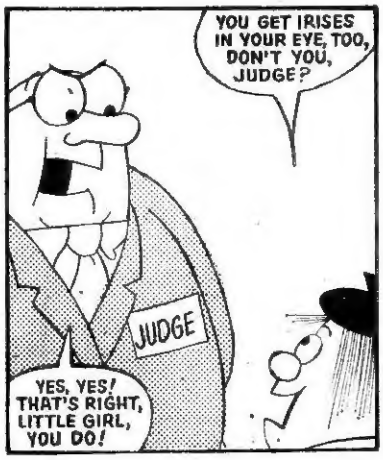
LATER...
OH, BOY! AM I GOING TO HAVE SOME CHRISTMAS FUN TODAY!
WELCOME TO THE CHRISTMAS FLOWER SHOW


H'MM! YES, A VERY FINE SPECIMEN!
ROSE

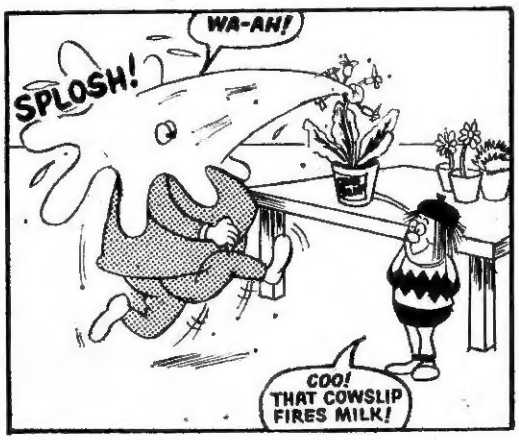
SPLOSH!
ROSE
COO! ROSE WATER!

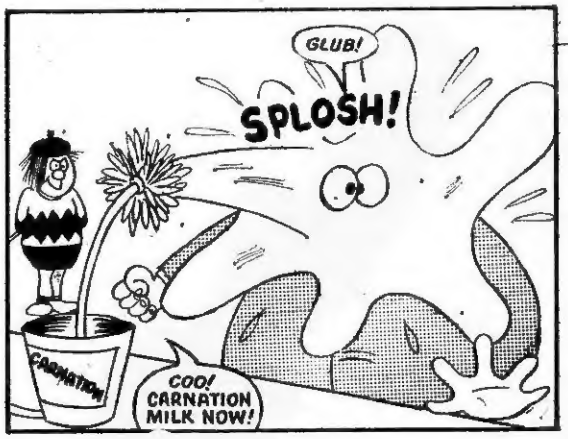
WHAT DID I TELL YOU— AND I'VE ONLY JUST GOT STARTED! HEE-HEE!

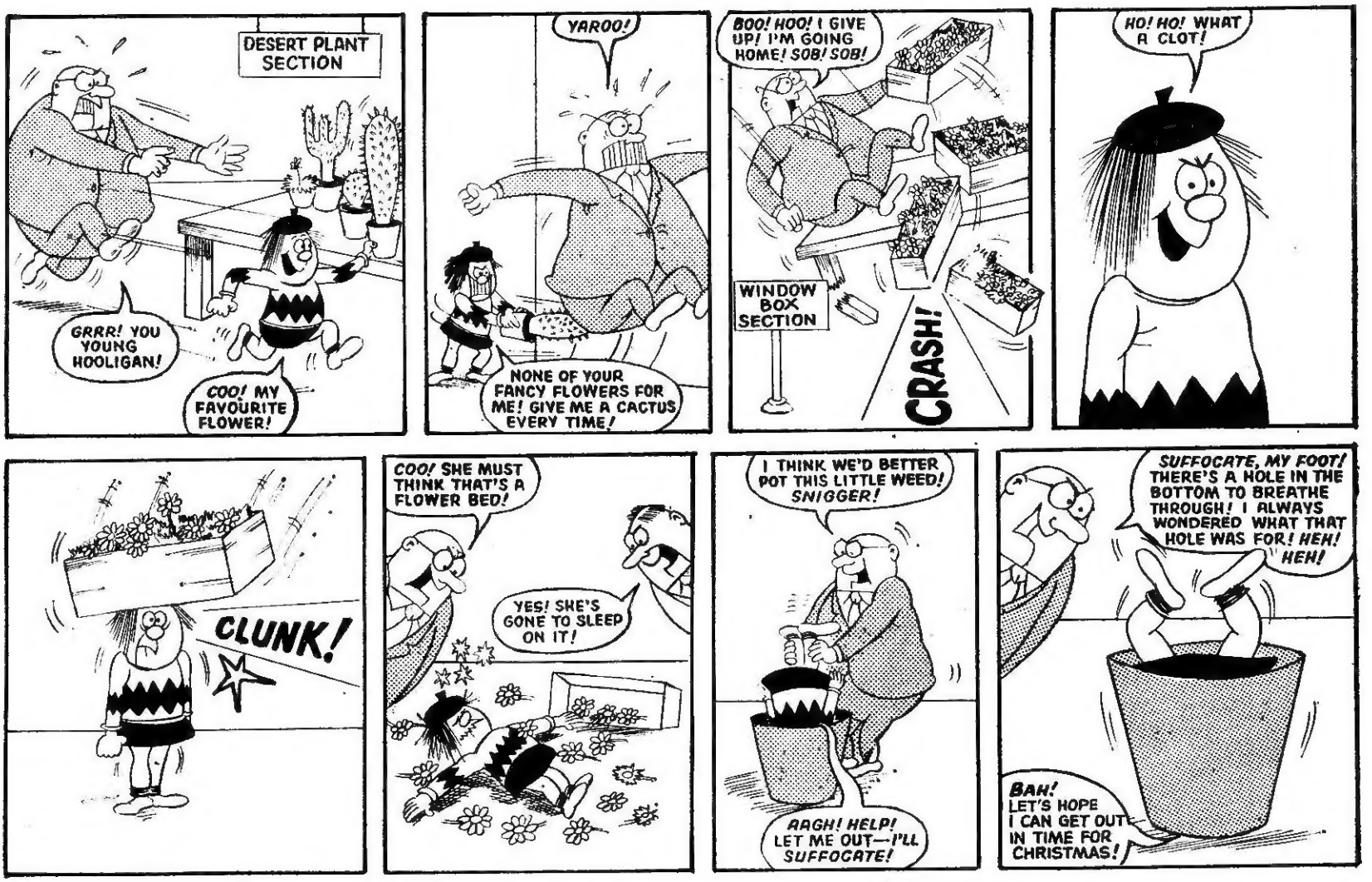

THAT IS A VERY FINE IRIS, INDEED!
IRIS


YOU GET IRISES IN YOUR EYE, TOO, DON'T YOU, JUDGE?
JUDGE
YES, YES! THAT'S RIGHT, LITTLE GIRL, YOU DO!

SPLOSH!
EXIT
AAGH!
IRIS
COO! THAT ONE'S NO GOOD, JUDGE! IT'S IRIS IS WATERING! HO! HO!


WA-AH!
SPLOSH!
COO! THAT COWSLIP FIRES MILK!


GLUB!
SPLOSH!
CARNATION
COO! CARNATION MILK NOW!

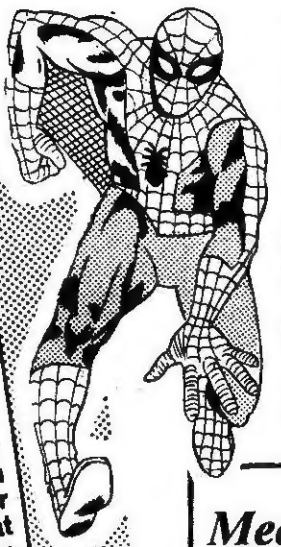


news from the floor of 64

64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

★ ★ ★

GATHER round, all you Keepers of the Flame, whilst we here and now reveal one of the best-kept secrets of the age! Those of you with long memories will maybe recall that three or four weeks back we told you about the Spider-Matic Spider-Firing Gun that we'll be giving away with every copy of the first issue of POW—our 1967-new Power Comic that will be in the shops on January 14th. Well, just for your ears alone, we can tell you that in POW number 2 there'll be another FREE goody—and this is one that will really knock you! It's a large iron-on transfer of Spiderman. All you have to do is place it on a tee-shirt or shirt or whatever it is you want decorated, press down with the iron and before you can say 'Sub-Mariner' you've got an Instant Spiderman!



WE hope you like the special feature on Giant Man that appears in this week's Smash. We're planning to publish more of these informative pieces so that you'll know a lot more about your favourite super-heroes. The next one we have lined up features the Human Torch. We'll explain some of the questions that lots of you are always asking. Things like 'How does the Torch fly?' 'Why don't his clothes burn up when he Flames On?'

Meet Twenty Proud Power-Pack People.

Stephen Stroud, Bath; Michael Lane, E. Molesey, Surrey; Janet Woodcock, Darlington; John Hill, Watford, Herts.; Peter Baker, Kagworth, Nr. Derby; John Carter, Coventry; Alan Nicholls, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire; John Green, Hounslow; Susan Hitchcock, Lock, Sth. Australia; Paul Hyde, Seecroft, Leeds; Tony Butcher, Darlington; Richard Ross, Wembley Park, Middx.; Kevin Smith, Torquay; Murray Macdonald, Glasgow N.2; Paul Elston, Crawley, Sussex; Bruce Robertson, Nth. Berwick; Robert Large, Ampthill, Beds.; P. Blanch, W. Ardsley, Yorks.; Michael Murphy, Huddersfield, Yorks.; Michael MacDonnell, W. Germany.

WHAM readers will know that we now have a real-life reader taking part in the front-page 'Tiddlers' frolic each week. But even if you aren't lucky enough to guest-star in the 'Tiddlers', win a THING sweatshirt from WHAM or be awarded a pound from SMASH, don't throw yourself under a bus just yet. For you might yet see your name published in our imperishable print. Because each week we take the names of twenty readers who have written to us here at the Power House—and that, Frantic Ones, is how we get our Twenty Power Pack People each week! What a system!

THE RUBBERMAN!

LOOK! HE'S KNOCKED OVER THE EMERGENCY SWITCH!
QUICKLY! PULL IT BACK! THE COMPENSATORS ARE OFF!
DANGER– FULL POWER FOR EMERGENCY USE ONLY.

BUT BEFORE ANYONE CAN REACH THE SWITCH...
IT–IT'S TOO LATE!
BAM!

NEXT MOMENT...
AAAGHHH!
THE LIGHTNING STRUCK BACK–AT THE VERY THING THAT CAUSED IT!

BECAUSE I AM MADE OF RUBBER, THE ELECTRIC CHARGE DID NOT HARM ME! BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE RAINMAKER – HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED ALSO!

THE CLOUDS ARE THINNING FAST AS THE RAINMAKER EMERGES FROM HIS ESCAPE TUNNEL...
THERE'S RUBBERMAN! SOMEHOW HE MUST HAVE STOPPED THE STORM! SOMEHOW HE HAS SAVED US!
THE RIVER WHERE MY BOAT IS CONCEALED! IF I CAN GET TO IT – BEFORE ANYONE SEES ME!

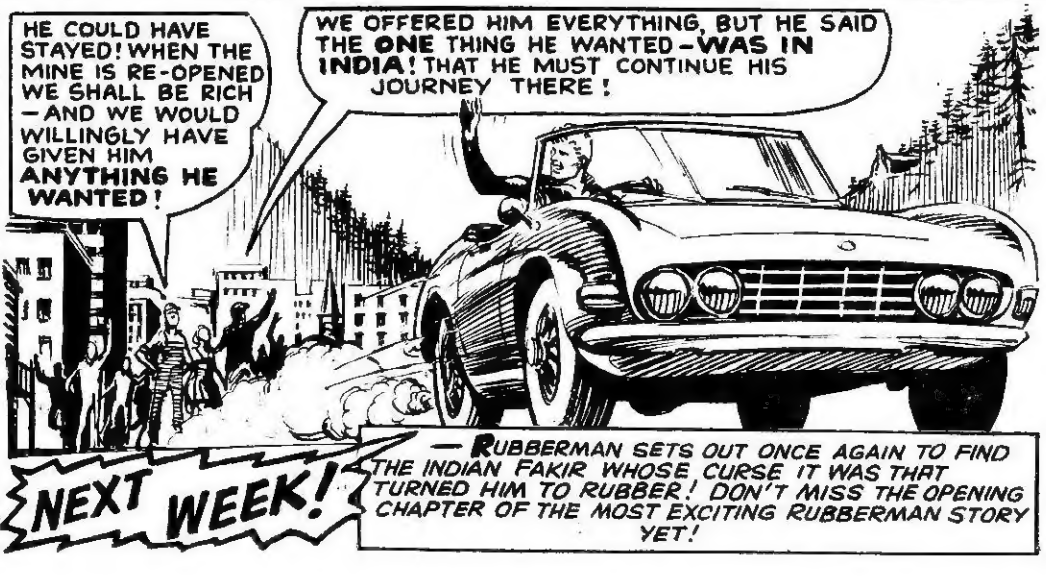
BUT SECONDS LATER A SCREAM OF AGONY RENDS THE AIR...
IT'S THE RAINMAKER!
THE SUN! THE SUN! I CANNOT BEAR IT!

I CANNOT GO ON! I MUST GET AWAY FROM THE SUN!
HE'S HEADING FOR THE MINE!

IT'S RUBBERMAN WHO SEES THE DANGER...
AFTER HIM!
NO! GET BACK! LOOK AT WHAT'S HAPPENING!

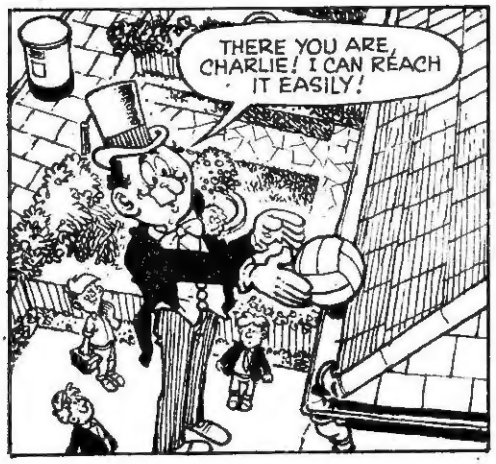
DEEP IN THE GLOOM OF THE FLOODED MINE...
NO! NO!
CRACK!

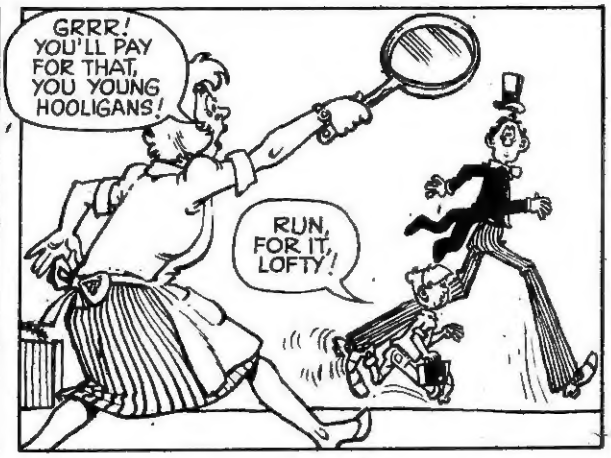
THEN...
NO! AAGGHH!
THE RAINWATER WASHED INTO THE SAND FOUNDATIONS BENEATH THE ROCK. THE WHOLE MINE HAS CAVED IN!
THE RAINMAKER HAS PERISHED! WE ARE FREE AT LAST!

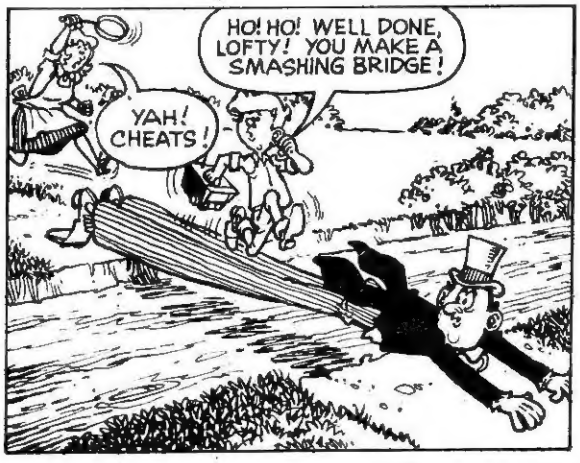

HE COULD HAVE STAYED! WHEN THE MINE IS RE-OPENED WE SHALL BE RICH – AND WE WOULD WILLINGLY HAVE GIVEN HIM ANYTHING HE WANTED!
WE OFFERED HIM EVERYTHING, BUT HE SAID THE ONE THING HE WANTED – WAS IN INDIA! THAT HE MUST CONTINUE HIS JOURNEY THERE!
NEXT WEEK!
– RUBBERMAN SETS OUT ONCE AGAIN TO FIND THE INDIAN FAKIR WHOSE CURSE IT WAS THAT TURNED HIM TO RUBBER! DON'T MISS THE OPENING CHAPTER OF THE MOST EXCITING RUBBERMAN STORY YET!

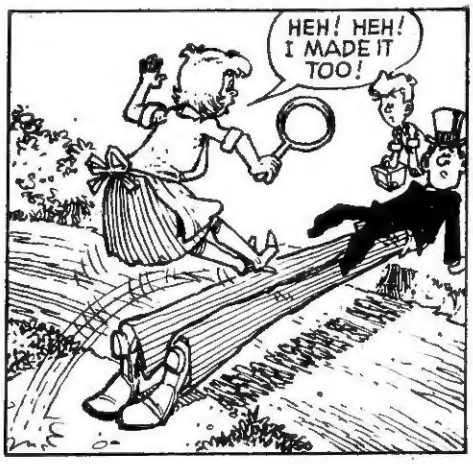
Charlie's Choice

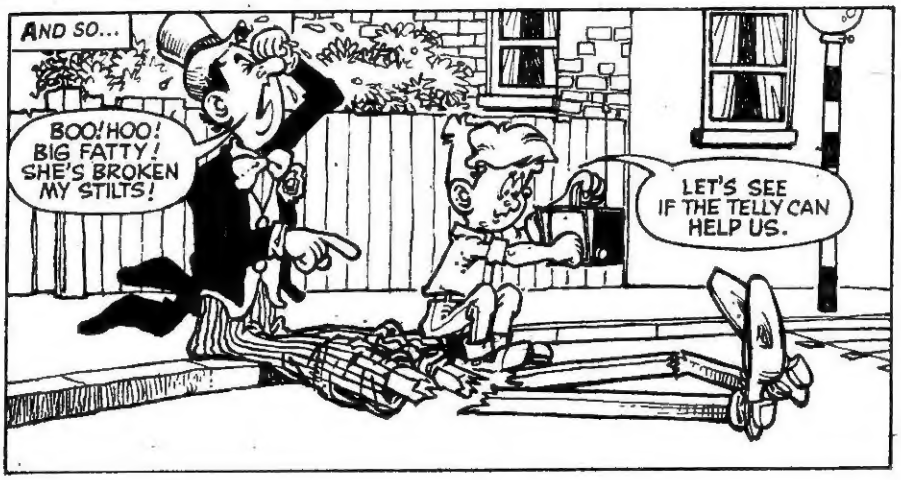
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

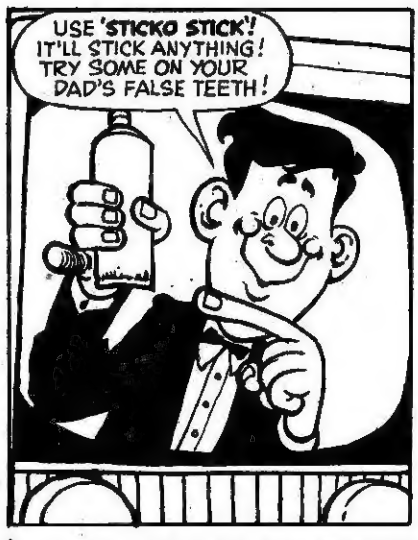




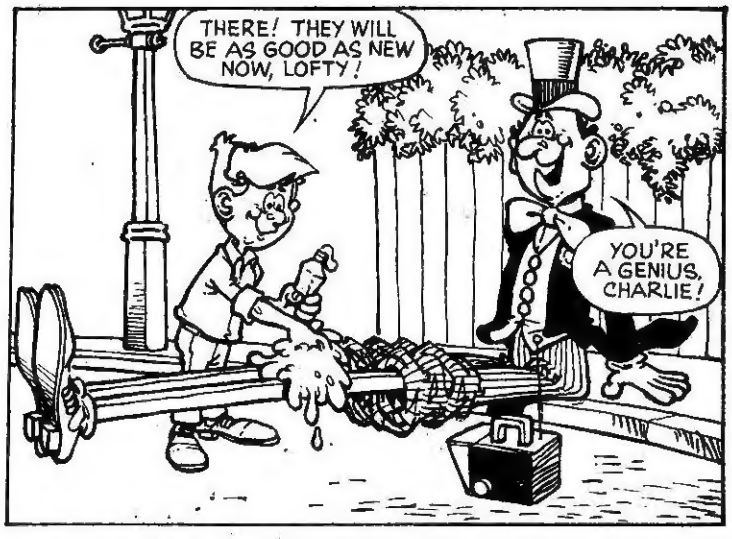






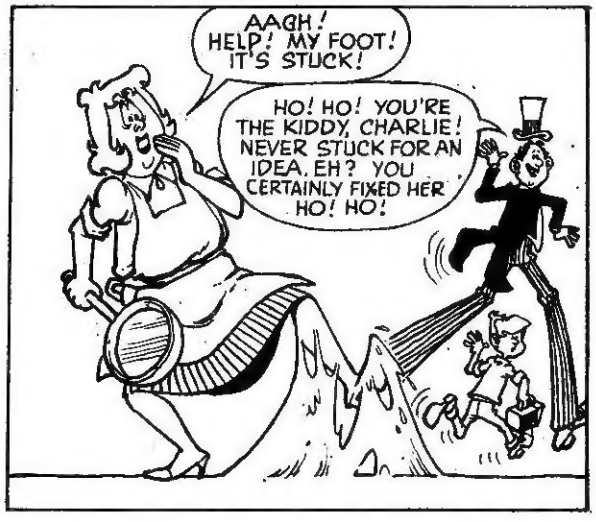

USE 'STICKO STICK'! IT'LL STICK ANYTHING! TRY SOME ON YOUR DAD'S FALSE TEETH!

JUST THE JOB— IT'LL FIX LOFTY'S STILTS!


THERE! THEY WILL BE AS GOOD AS NEW NOW, LOFTY!
YOU'RE A GENIUS, CHARLIE!

GRRR! GRRRR!
OH, HECK! IT'S HER! DOESN'T SHE EVER GIVE UP?

HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? WHAT'S THE GAME?
CERTAINLY ISN'T CRICKET! SNIGGER!


AAGH! HELP! MY FOOT! IT'S STUCK!
HO! HO! YOU'RE THE KIDDY, CHARLIE! NEVER STUCK FOR AN IDEA, EH? YOU CERTAINLY FIXED HER HO! HO!

WELL! I'M POPPING BACK IN NOW, CHARLIE! IT'S TOO HECTIC OUT HERE!
RIGHT, LOFTY! SEE YOU AGAIN SOME TIME!

HELP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, LOFTY? LET GO!
I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING! MY HAND'S STUCK TO YOURS! YOU MUST'VE GOT SOME GLUE ON IT!

I MUST BE SEEING THINGS! I COULD HAVE SWORN THAT CHARLIE WAS SHAKING HANDS WITH THAT BLOKE INSIDE THE TELLY! I MUST GET MY EYES TESTED!

I'LL HAVE TO HAVE A BATH TO SOFTEN THE GLUE!
HELP! I KNOW YOU TAKE THAT TELLY EVERYWHERE! BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS! IN YOUR BATH? REALLY!!!!

WELL-ER-ACTUALLY-

ONE GOOD WHACKING LATER...
HO! HO! THAT'S SAVED ME THE BOTHER! I FEEL MUCH BETTER!
BAH! SOME CHRISTMAS I'M HAVING!

"ENTER: THE INCREDIBLE HULK"

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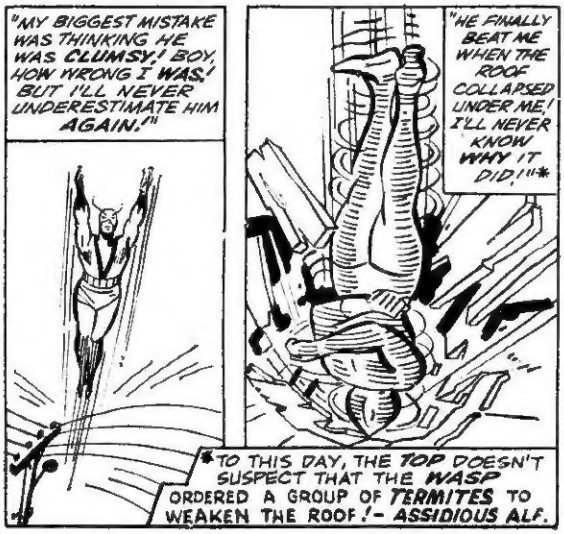
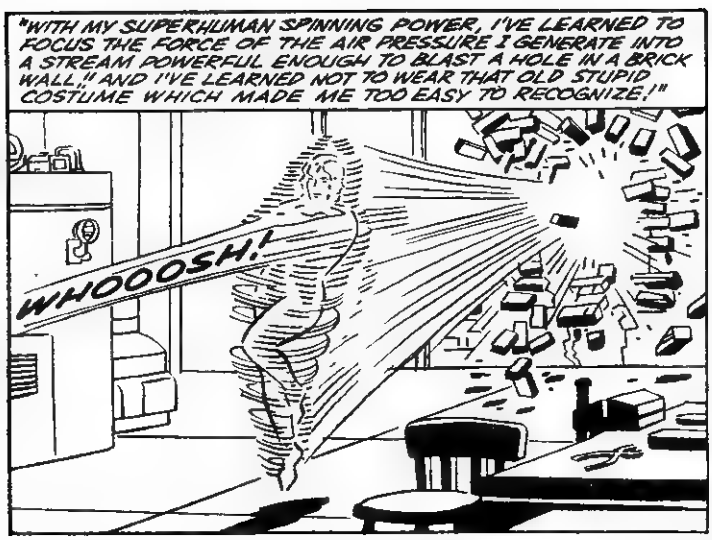



"WITH MY SUPERHUMAN SPINNING POWER, I'VE LEARNED TO FOCUS THE FORCE OF THE AIR PRESSURE I GENERATE INTO A STREAM POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BLAST A HOLE IN A BRICK WALL," AND I'VE LEARNED NOT TO WEAR THAT OLD STUPID COSTUME WHICH MADE ME TOO EASY TO RECOGNIZE!"
WHOOOSH!

BUT LET US LEAVE THE TOP WITH HIS BITTER THOUGHTS, AND TURN BACK TO THE AVENGERS, WHOSE MEETING HAS JUST ENDED...
YOU MEN GO AHEAD! I'M GOING TO STAY HERE A WHILE LONGER!

ALONE WITH THE WASP AT AVENGERS' HEADQUARTERS, THE GIANT-SIZED ADVENTURER ONCE MORE STUDIES THE FILMED ACCOUNT OF THE HULK'S LAST RECORDED BATTLE...
COME ON, BIG BOYFRIEND -- LET'S GO OUT TO DINNER! WE'VE SEEN THIS FILM A DOZEN TIMES!
I KNOW, JAN! I JUST CAN'T GET THE HULK OUT OF MY MIND! WELL, WE'LL TALK ABOUT HIM WHILE WE LEAVE!

DON'T BOTHER TAKING A GROWTH CAPSULE, HONEY! I'LL "THINK" YOU BACK TO NORMAL SIZE, JUST AS I DO FOR MYSELF!
HENRY J. PYM!! I ASKED YOU NOT TO DO THAT! YOU'RE JUST SHOWING OFF WITH YOUR NEW CYBERNETIC MENTAL SIZE CONTROL, THAT'S ALL!

JUST IGNORE THOSE STREET CORNER WOLVES, HANK! THEY'RE NOT BOTHERING ME ONE BIT!
MAYBE NOT, JAN -- BUT THEY'RE SURE RUBBING ME THE WRONG WAY! OH, WELL -- I'LL PRETEND I DIDN'T HEAR THEM!
HEY, BOYS!! LOOK AT THE LIVIN' DOLL WALKIN' WITH THAT SQUARE!

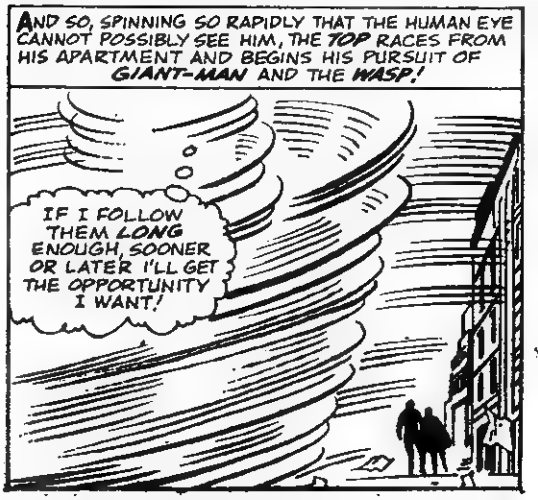
HEY, SISTER! WHY DON'T YOU DITCH THAT ITCH AND DATE A REAL MAN?? NAMELY ME!
MMMM -- COULD THAT TOMATO AND ME MAKE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC?!!
WHAT ARE YOU TWO WEARIN'? LONG UNDERWEAR??

C'MON, LET'S FOLLOW 'EM AND SEE WHA -- WHA -- HOLY HANNAH!! LOOK!!
IT'S G-GIANT MAN!!
OKAY, LOUD-MOUTHS!! IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR A LITTLE ACTION, I'LL SEE IF I CAN OBLIGE YOU!
I NEVER SAW HANK DOUBLE HIS SIZE SO FAST BEFORE!

EXACTLY TWO MINUTES LATER--
AWW, COME BACK! DON'T LEAVE US LIKE THIS!
MILLIONS OF PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN, AND WE HADDA PICK ON GIANT-MAN!

BUT, AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, ANOTHER PAIR OF EYES HAVE ALSO WITNESSED THE INCIDENT IN THE STREET BELOW! THE EYES OF -- THE HUMAN TOP!
BOY! WHAT A BREAK! THE TWO PEOPLE I MOST WANTED TO FIND! NOW, I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THEY DON'T GET AWAY FROM ME!

I'LL FOLLOW THEM, AND KEEP THEM IN SIGHT UNTIL THE TIME IS RIGHT FOR ME TO GET MY REVENGE ON THAT OVERGROWN CLOWN!


AND SO, SPINNING SO RAPIDLY THAT THE HUMAN EYE CANNOT POSSIBLY SEE HIM, THE TOP RACES FROM HIS APARTMENT AND BEGINS HIS PURSUIT OF GIANT-MAN AND THE WASP!
IF I FOLLOW THEM LONG ENOUGH, SOONER OR LATER I'LL GET THE OPPORTUNITY I WANT!

GOSH, HANK --IT'S SO *WINDY* ALL OF A SUDDEN! LET'S GET TO THE RESTAURANT *FAST!*

SORRY, JAN! *FORGET* ABOUT DINNER FOR NOW! WE'RE TAKING A *TRIP* INSTEAD! WE'LL EAT ON THE PLANE!

WHY? WHERE ARE WE *GOING?*

TO *NEW MEXICO!* THE *HULK* WAS LAST SEEN THERE--AND I WON'T BE ABLE TO REST TILL I'VE *FOUND* HIM, AND TRIED TO TALK HIM INTO REJOINING THE *AVENGERS!*

WELL, WELL! THAT SOUNDS *REAL* INTERESTING! I THINK THE *HUMAN TOP* WILL JUST JOIN THEM!

A FEW HOURS LATER...

FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS, PLEASE! WE'RE ABOUT TO LAND!

THE HULK IS *SOMEWHERE* DOWN THERE! I'VE *GOT* TO FIND HIM!

THERE THEY GO! IT'LL BE A *CINCH* TO KEEP 'EM IN SIGHT! THIS IS ALMOST *TOO* EASY FOR THE HUMAN TOP!

IT'S A GOOD THING I'M *SO* AVERAGE LOOKING! I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO *DISGUISE* MYSELF!

HANK, NEW MEXICO IS A MIGHTY BIG STATE! WHERE WILL YOU START SEARCHING?

THE AIR FORCE MISSILE BASE, JAN! THE HULK WAS LAST REPORTED IN THAT VICINITY! I THINK GENERAL "*THUNDERBOLT*" ROSS WILL REMEMBER ME!

GATE

LATER, A RENTED HELICOPTER LANDS AT THE BASE...

EASY ON THE TRIGGER, JOE! HE *SEES* US! HE'S LANDING!

LOS DIABLOS MISSILE BASE

GIANT-MAN! WE DIDN'T *KNOW,* SIR!

TAKE ME TO GENERAL ROSS, SOLDIER!

AND SO...

THEN YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANY TRACE OF THE HULK FOR WEEKS, GENERAL? BUT I THOUGHT...

LOOK, MISTER--I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THAT RAMPAGING MENACE TO LAST ME A *LIFETIME!* I'VE GOT A FEW *OTHER* LITTLE THINGS TO DO, LIKE RUN THIS MISSILE BASE! BUT I'LL ASK ONE OF MY CIVILIAN SCIENTISTS TO HELP YOU!

SOMEONE GET *BRUCE BANNER* HERE--ON THE DOUBLE!

MP

THERE HE IS *NOW!* DR BANNER, I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT THE *HULK!* I'M TRYING TO *FIND* HIM, AND GENERAL ROSS THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HELP! I RECOGNISE YOU FROM YOUR NEWSPAPER PHOTOS!

WASP! GET THAT WHIRLYBIRD OFF THE FIELD! THIS ISN'T A BLAMED *PARKING LOT!*

SORRY, GIANT-MAN! I CAN'T HELP YOU! I KNOW *NOTHING* ABOUT THE HULK--AND I CARE *LESS!*

OKAY, THEN--WE'LL SEARCH FOR HIM IN OUR OWN WAY! BUT IF YOU *DO* HEAR OF HIM--CONTACT ME VIA MY SPECIAL AVENGERS' BAND SHORT WAVE!

SO! THE AVENGERS ARE STILL SEEKING THE *HULK,* EH? WILL THEY *NEVER* LEAVE HIM IN PEACE??

BRUCE! WHAT'S *WRONG?* I SAW GIANT-MAN SPEAK TO YOU AND THEN YOU LOOKED SO *ANGRY!*

NOTHING'S WRONG, BETTY! *EVERYTHING'S* WRONG! WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE! *YOU'RE* THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER, AND I'M A HUMBLE ATOMIC SCIENTIST--WITH A SECRET I CAN NEVER REVEAL TO A LIVING SOUL!

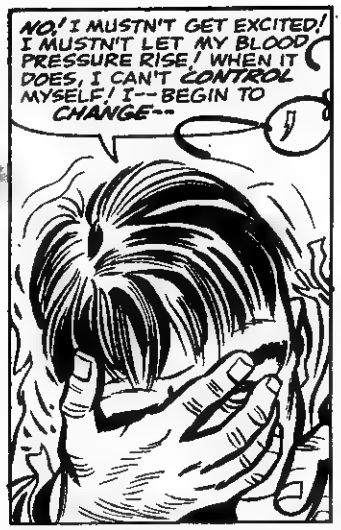
BRUCE--WAIT! COME BACK! BRUCE, MY DARLING! I'VE NEVER *SEEN* YOU THIS WAY BEFORE! *WAIT!*

POOR BETTY! I LOVE HER FAR TOO MUCH TO INVOLVE HER IN MY PROBLEM! HOW COULD SHE KNOW--HOW COULD SHE EVEN *SUSPECT*--THAT THE MAN SHE KNOWS AS DR ROBERT BRUCE BANNER IS, IN REALITY, THE INCREDIBLE *HULK???*

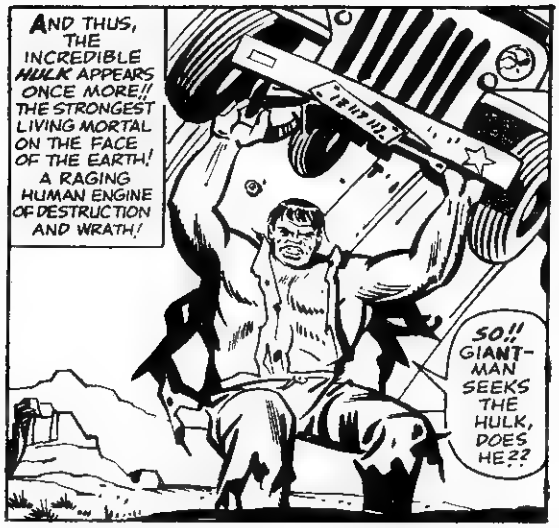
SOMETHING IS TERRIBLY WRONG--I *KNOW* IT! I CAN'T LET HIM DRIVE OFF LIKE THAT! I'LL GET MY CAR AND *FOLLOW*--HE MAY *NEED* ME!

HIS MIND IN A TURMOIL, NEVER DREAMING THAT GIANT-MAN HAS COME TO *HELP* THE HULK, BRUCE BANNER DRIVES INTO THE HILLS, A BURNING RAGE IN HIS HEART!

I'VE TRIED TO FORGET THE HULK--TO PRETEND HE NEVER EXISTED! BUT THEY WON'T *LET* ME--!!


NO! I MUSTN'T GET EXCITED! I MUSTN'T LET MY BLOOD PRESSURE RISE! WHEN IT DOES, I CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF! I--BEGIN TO CHANGE--

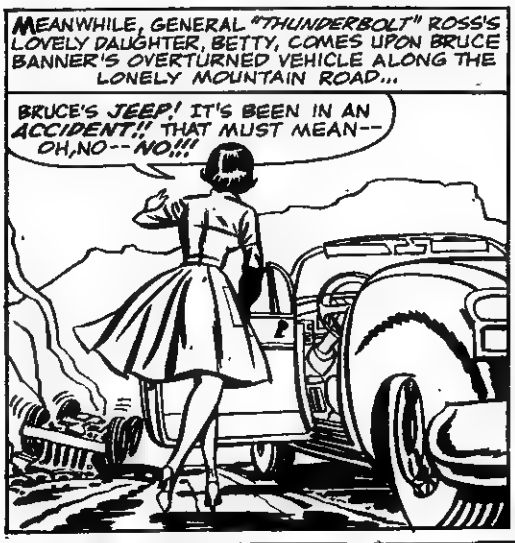
--INTO-- THE HULK!!


AND THUS, THE INCREDIBLE HULK APPEARS ONCE MORE!! THE STRONGEST LIVING MORTAL ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH! A RAGING HUMAN ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION AND WRATH!
SO!! GIANT-MAN SEEKS THE HULK, DOES HE??

WITH A BELLOW OF SHEER ANIMAL RAGE, THE MOST POWERFUL LEGS IN THE WORLD PROPEL THE HULK SKYWARD, IN THE FIRST OF HIS MANY PRODIGIOUS LEAPS--SO HIGH, AND SO FAST THAT HE SEEMS TO BE FLYING!
WELL, HE'LL FIND THE HULK--TO HIS EVERLASTING REGRET!!

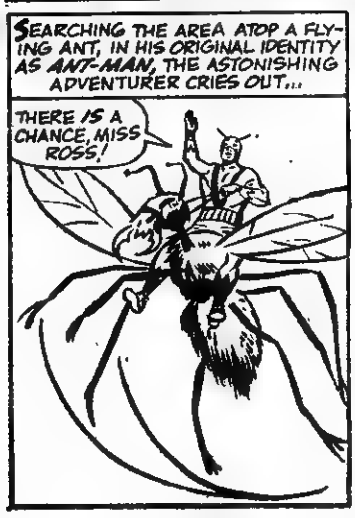
NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, PANIC SEIZES A NEARBY TOWN...
LOOK! IT'S THE HULK!
RUN! RUN! THE HULK IS HERE!
SOMEONE SEND FOR THE ARMY!! ONLY THEY CAN STOP HIM!

BUT, AMONG THE FEARFUL TOWNSPEOPLE, THERE IS ONE WHO SMILES WITH GLEE...
ALL THE BREAKS ARE FALLIN' MY WAY! THE HULK IS WHAT I NEED TO FINISH OFF GIANT-MAN!!

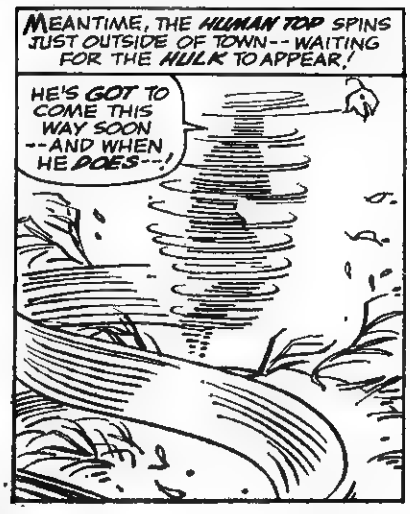

MEANWHILE, GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS'S LOVELY DAUGHTER, BETTY, COMES UPON BRUCE BANNER'S OVERTURNED VEHICLE ALONG THE LONELY MOUNTAIN ROAD...
BRUCE'S JEEP! IT'S BEEN IN AN ACCIDENT!! THAT MUST MEAN--OH, NO--NO!!!

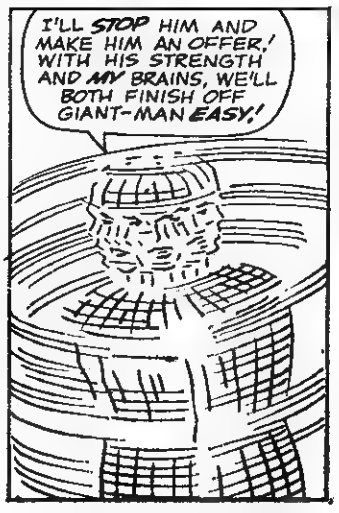
BUT, THERE'S NO SIGN OF BRUCE!! WAIT! THESE GLASSES--HIS TORN COAT!! AND THOSE FOOTPRINTS!! THEY CAN ONLY BELONG TO--THE HULK!

IT CAN ONLY MEAN--THE HULK HAS TAKEN HIM--THERE'S NO CHANCE FOR HIM!
LOOKS LIKE HANK AND I ARRIVED JUST IN TIME!


SEARCHING THE AREA ATOP A FLYING ANT, IN HIS ORIGINAL IDENTITY AS ANT-MAN, THE ASTONISHING ADVENTURER CRIES OUT...
THERE IS A CHANCE, MISS ROSS!

GIANT-MAN! BUT WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?? HOW--??
EXPLANATIONS ARE TOO BORING! BUT I KNOW THE HULK--HE WON'T HARM YOUR BOY FRIEND WITHOUT CAUSE, NO MATTER WHAT PEOPLE SAY ABOUT HIM!
I'LL FIND HIM AND PROVE IT!


MEANTIME, THE HUMAN TOP SPINS JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN--WAITING FOR THE HULK TO APPEAR!
HE'S GOT TO COME THIS WAY SOON--AND WHEN HE DOES--!


I'LL STOP HIM AND MAKE HIM AN OFFER! WITH HIS STRENGTH AND MY BRAINS, WE'LL BOTH FINISH OFF GIANT-MAN EASY!

AND, IF THE HULK *REFUSES* ME, I'LL HURL MY SPEED BLAST AT HIM! IF IT CAN SHATTER A *BOULDER*, IT OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF ANYONE THAT LIVES!

BUT, EVEN THE HUMAN TOP DOESN'T SUSPECT HOW *FAST* THE HULK CAN LEAP! AND, THE RAMPAGING CREATURE APPEARS BEFORE THE TOP HAS TIME TO EVEN STOP HIS SPIN!

I'VE GOT TO FIND *GIANT-MAN!!* I'LL FINISH HIM *FOREVER!*

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NOTHING WILL STAND IN MY WAY!! *NOTHING! NOTHING!!*

IT'S *HIM!!* BUT-- HE'S CRASHING INTO THAT *PEAK!* HE'S *TOPPLING* IT! I NEVER DREAMT HIS STRENGTH WAS *SO* GREAT!

ONLY BY SPINNING AT MAXIMUM SPEED CAN THE TOP CREATE A WIND SCREEN DENSE ENOUGH TO PROTECT HIM FROM THE FALLING BOULDERS!

AND, BY THE TIME THE HULK HAS GONE...

I *MISSED* MY CHANCE! BUT I'LL CATCH UP WITH HIM *YET!*

THEN, THE VERY MAN THE HULK IS SEEKING SEES *HIM* FIRST!

THERE HE *GOES!*

I'VE BEEN CARRYING THIS TINY CARBON-DIOXIDE POWER ROCKET FOR JUST SUCH AN OCCASION!

BY TRANSFORMING MYSELF TO *ANT-MAN*, I'LL BE ABLE TO *RIDE* IN IT--AND DESPITE ITS SIZE, IT HAS SUPER-SONIC SPEED!

IT'S GOOD FOR ONLY *ONE* BRIEF USE BEFORE ITS POWER IS GONE, BUT THAT'LL BE ENOUGH FOR *ME!*

THE HULK IS HEADING FOR THE NEXT TOWN! I'VE GOT TO REACH THERE BEFORE *HE* DOES!

SOONER OR LATER I'LL FIND GIANT-MAN! HE'S TOO BIG TO HIDE FROM ME MUCH LONGER! I'LL SEARCH EVERY TOWN TILL I'VE *GOT* HIM!

MY MINIATURE MISSILE IS SO SWIFT, AND SILENT, THAT HE DOESN'T EVEN *NOTICE* IT ROCKETING PAST HIM!

MADE IT! NOW, I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO MAKE THE HULK *LISTEN* TO ME WHEN HE GETS HERE!

*BUT THE **HULK** IS IN NO MOOD TO LISTEN TO **ANYONE**! HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHAT A SCRAP BETWEEN **OLD GREEN SKIN** AND **GIANT MAN** WOULD BE LIKE? SEE NEXT WEEK'S ISH — AND YOU WON'T NEED TO WONDER ANY LONGER!*

IT'S ALL HAPPENING...

...TO DEAR OLD *DADDY CHRISTMAS!*

...AT *EAGLE-EYE'S* PARTY!

MASH! CRUNCH! MASH! CRUMP!

...TO *GEORGIE* AND HIS *GERMS!*

NOËL

THIS WEEK IN WHAM!

BE A SMASHER — AND WIN

To: SMASH!,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

WRITE TO SMASH! £1

★ ★ ★

Dear Alf and Cos,

I thought perhaps readers would like to know the origin of Namor's tiny little wings and his enormous strength. Well it happened like this. When Namor was with his people back in the 1940's he was summoned to the king's throne room. The king, prompted by Namor's evil cousin, said that Namor had lost most of his powers because he had lived too long with the surface people. It seemed, however, Namor's people had a machine that would allow Namor to regain his powers. Namor agreed to try the machine. However, Namor's cousin had sabotaged the machine hoping to kill Namor, and so giving himself the position next in line to the throne. When Namor stepped into the machine it went haywire and eventually there was an explosion. But Namor was not killed and when he stepped out of the machine tiny wings had sprouted on his ankles and his strength had grown enormous.

D. G. Little,
Kingsbury, London, N.W.9.

What a knowledge of the worthwhile moments in history you have revealed! And what's more—it's all absolutely correct! On behalf of all Sub-Mariner addicts we say to you IMPERIUS REX!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I have given the matter some thought, and have come to the conclusion that Smash (and Wham) have succeeded because they are modern in their outlook, and have left all the old type of comics way behind. It looks like you only use top class material and don't try to fill up with rubbish. Yours is the talked-about comic these days, and no wonder!

B. Rowlands,
Craesyceiliog, Mon.

We'll let you into the secret of our approach. In the bad old days when we were toiling for somebody else we had to write editorials that went something like this:

Dear Readers,

Here is your weekly helping of fun and laughter brought to you by your jolly friend the editor, etc., etc.

Well, can you wonder that after being forced to write that sort of thing, as soon as we got the chance to run our own mag we threw all that old 'uncle' approach out of the window. We feel our readers are intelligent people and we address them as such.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

This little letter is short and sweet, and I don't expect a Hulk sweatshirt for it. However, if by some miraculous twist of 'Smash' fate it does manage to gain a square on the 'Write to Smash' page, please can you give me some information on Thor? I think he's great.

Carry on printing pictures of Thor.

John Eccles,
Handforth, Cheshire.

Gulp! We've got that guilty feeling about sweatshirts again! We'd better talk about THOR. The startling saga all began when frail Dr. Don Blake was holidaying in Norway. Strange things were happening at that time—but the strangest of all was when Don Blake stumbled across the long-lost mallet of URU and the Mighty Thor returned to earth through the physical body of Don Blake. So much has happened to Thor since then that we'd need a year's issue to tell it all. But here's a tip to you and all Thor fans. In the New Year we're going to tell the full story of Thor—right from the beginning! Watch for news on this subject.

Alf and Cos.

I'll tell you what's wrong with your comic.. The Avengers, that's what is wrong with it. When the Hulk stories started in *Smash* I went out and ordered *Smash* for a year from my newsagent, because what with Batman, The Swots and Blots, The Legend Testers and Rubberman, it made up one of the best comics I've EVER read. And I'm 20 now and I've been reading comics ever since I was so high.

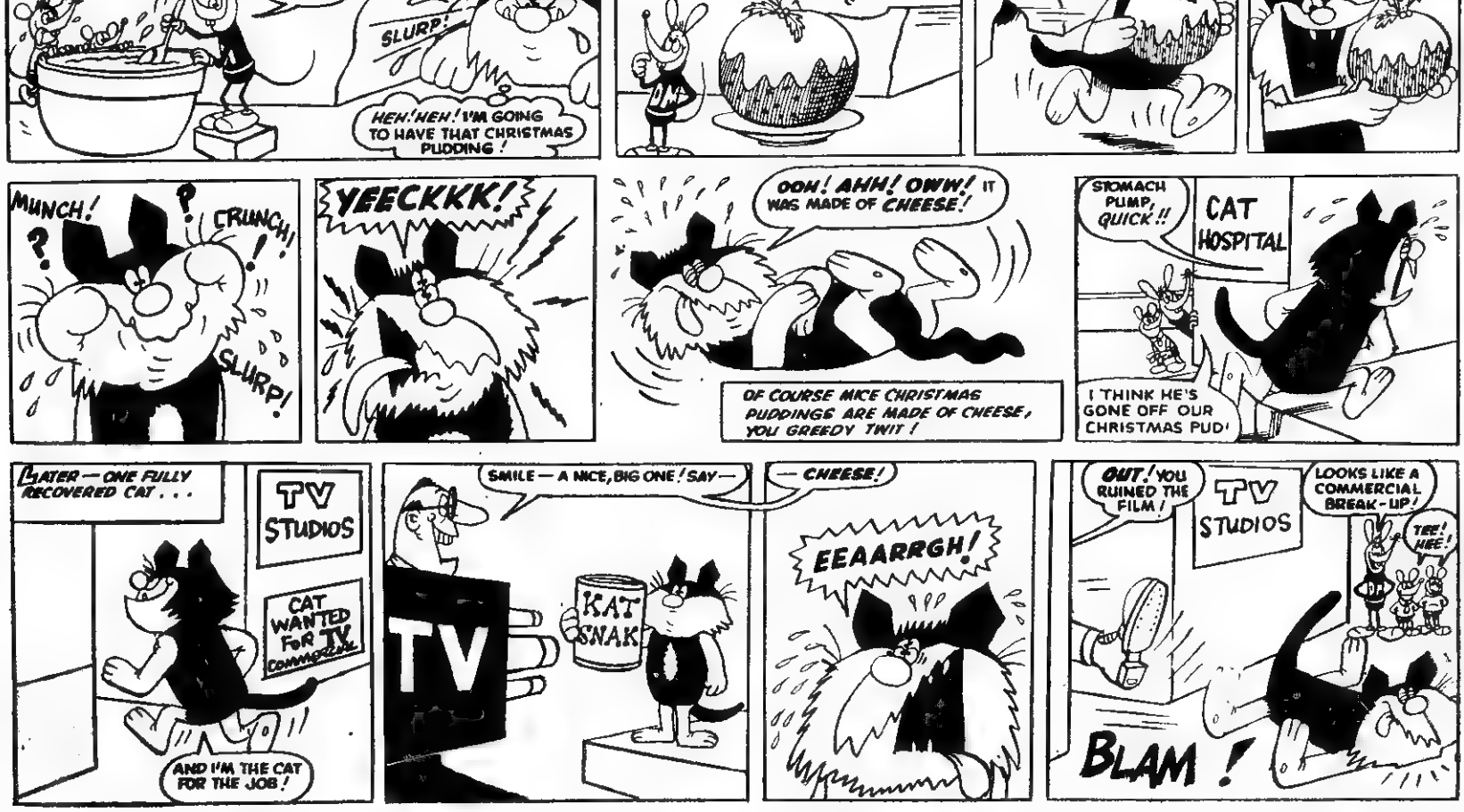
But now that my hideous hero has been teamed up with a bunch of loud-mouthed imbeciles, the stories have gone right down the drain. No-one in their right mind could imagine that the Incredible Hulk could be beaten by that Boasting Buffoon, the Thing of The Fantastic Four, or by that armour-plated clot, The Iron Man. Why don't you admit it, and leave puny, squabbling humans out of an otherwise magnificent strip.

Apart from that, *Smash* is really an art comic.

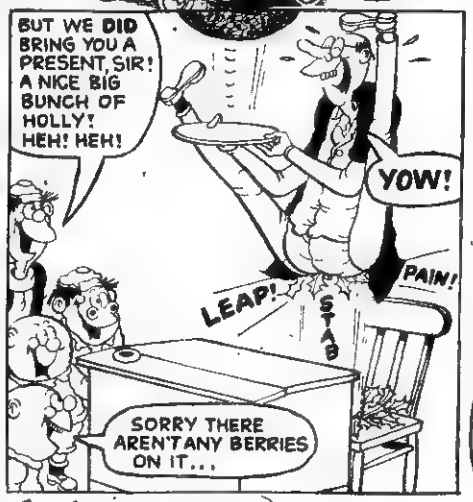
Yours sincerely,
Dominic Angad,
London, N.3.

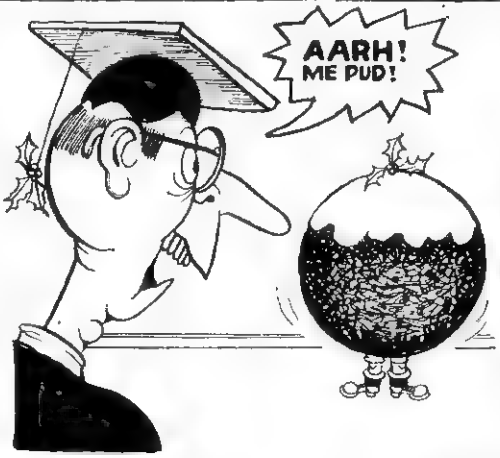
Ouch! That's a pretty hefty left hook of yours, Dominic! We have to admit to being HULK lovers, too. But you would be feeling happier now, because our Green Goliath is off on a giant-sized adventure all on his lonesome.

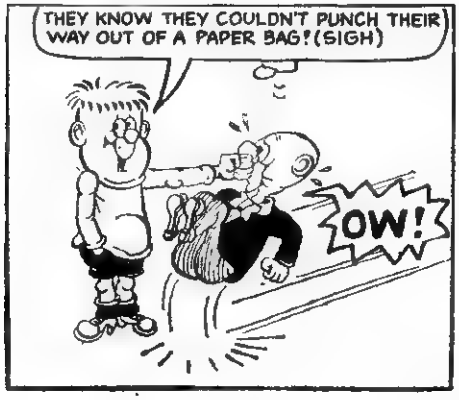
Alf and Cos.

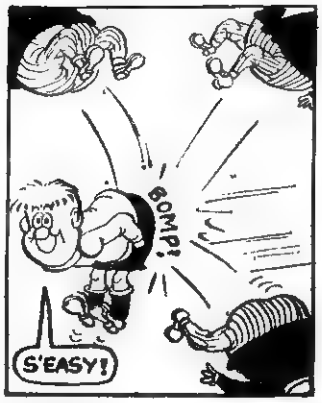


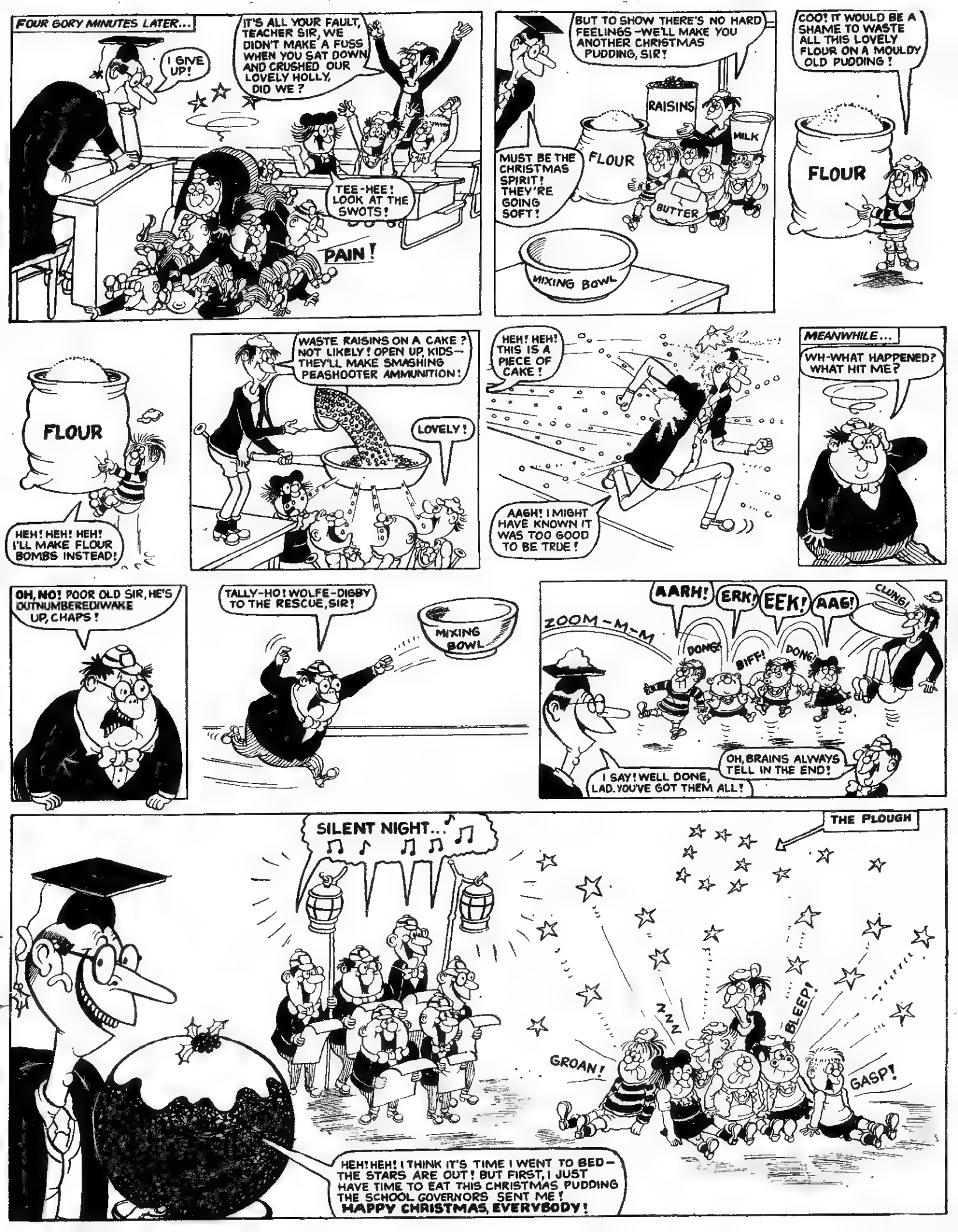
The SWOTS and the BLOTS










FOUR GORY MINUTES LATER...
I GIVE UP!
IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, TEACHER SIR, WE DIDN'T MAKE A FUSS WHEN YOU SAT DOWN AND CRUSHED OUR LOVELY HOLLY, DID WE?
TEE-HEE! LOOK AT THE SWOTS!
PAIN!
BUT TO SHOW THERE'S NO HARD FEELINGS—WE'LL MAKE YOU ANOTHER CHRISTMAS PUDDING, SIR!
RAISINS
MILK
FLOUR
BUTTER
MUST BE THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT! THEY'RE GOING SOFT!
MIXING BOWL
COO! IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO WASTE ALL THIS LOVELY FLOUR ON A MOULDY OLD PUDDING!
FLOUR
FLOUR
HEH! HEH! HEH! I'LL MAKE FLOUR BOMBS INSTEAD!
WASTE RAISINS ON A CAKE? NOT LIKELY! OPEN UP, KIDS—THEY'LL MAKE SMASHING PEASHOOTER AMMUNITION!
LOVELY!
HEH! HEH! THIS IS A PIECE OF CAKE!
AAGH! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!
MEANWHILE...
WH-WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT HIT ME?
OH, NO! POOR OLD SIR, HE'S OUTNUMBERED! WAKE UP, CHAPS!
TALLY-HO! WOLFE-DIGBY TO THE RESCUE, SIR!
MIXING BOWL
ZOOM-M-M
AARH!
ERK!
EEK!
AAG!
CLUNG!
DONG!
BIFF!
DONG!
I SAY! WELL DONE, LAD. YOU'VE GOT THEM ALL!
OH, BRAINS ALWAYS TELL IN THE END!
SILENT NIGHT...
THE PLOUGH
GROAN!
ZZZ
BLEEP!
GASP!
HEH! HEH! I THINK IT'S TIME I WENT TO BED—THE STARS ARE OUT! BUT FIRST, I JUST HAVE TIME TO EAT THIS CHRISTMAS PUDDING THE SCHOOL GOVERNORS SENT ME! HAPPY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!

"LET'S LEARN ABOUT HANK and JAN"...

By Stan Lee
Dick Ayers
Paul Reinman
S. Rosen

BECAUSE WE LOVE OUR READERS!

YOU ARE LOOKING AT ONE OF THE MOST ASTONISHING MEN ON EARTH ... THE RENOWNED BIOCHEMIST, HENRY PYM! SOFT-SPOKEN, THOUGHTFUL, HE IS A MAN OF MANY MOODS!

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WHEN HE TAKES ON THE IDENTITY OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS GIANT-MAN, THE CYBERNETIC HELMET HE WEARS IS FAR MORE THAN JUST ORNAMENTATION!

BENEATH ITS COLOURFUL EXTERIOR IS AN INGENIOUS CYBERNETIC "NERVE CENTRE..."

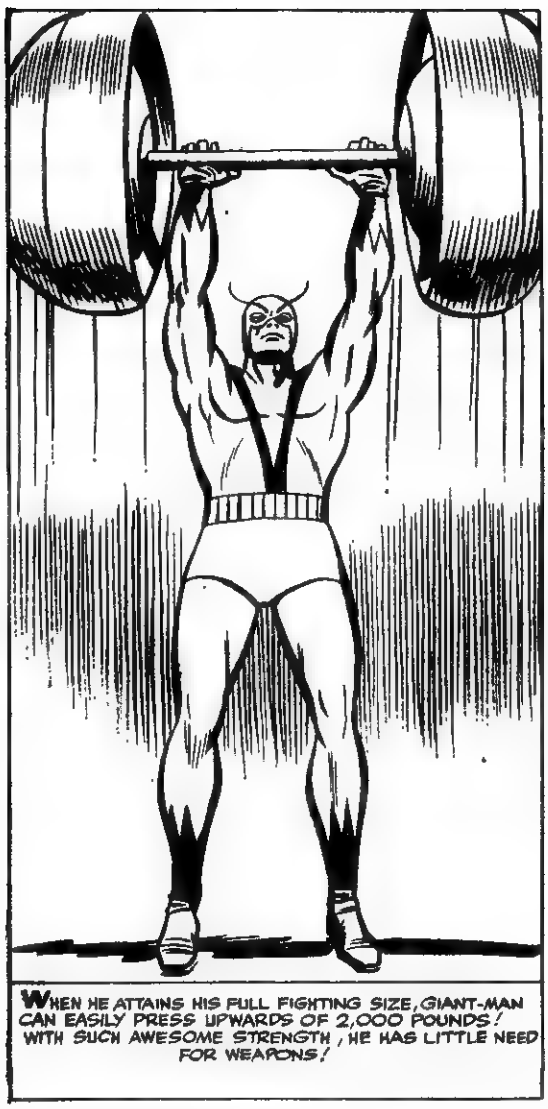
BY MERELY USING MENTAL IMPULSES, GIANT-MAN CAN ACTIVATE HIS ANTENNAE ...

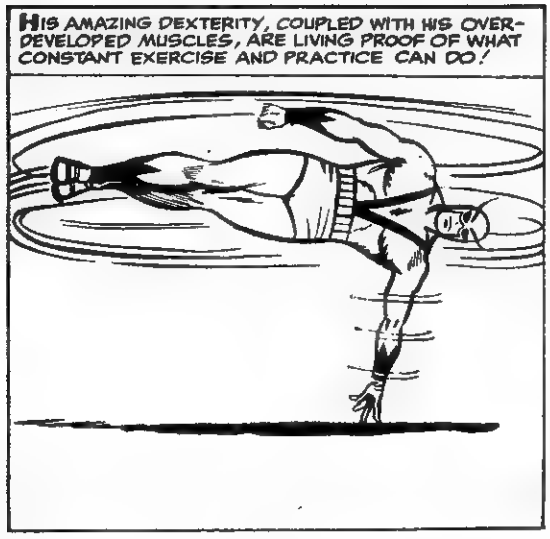
...SENDING OUT CYBERNETIC FORCE WAVES WHICH CAN INSTANTLY ALTER THE SIZE OF HIS GORGEOUS PARTNER-IN-PERIL --- THE WASP!

AND HIS OWN SIZE ALSO CAN BE CHANGED IN A SPLIT-SECOND, BY MERELY USING THE NORMALLY UNTAPPED POWER OF HIS BRAIN ...

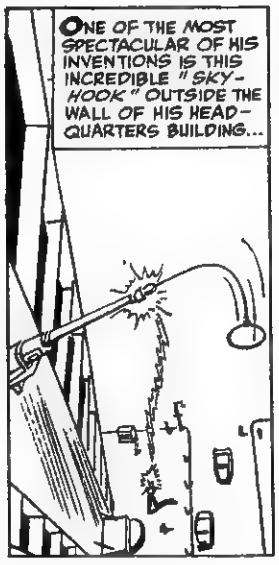
SO QUICKLY CAN GIANT-MAN SHRINK TO ANT-MAN THAT MANY OF HIS FOES THINK HE HAS BECOME INVISIBLE!

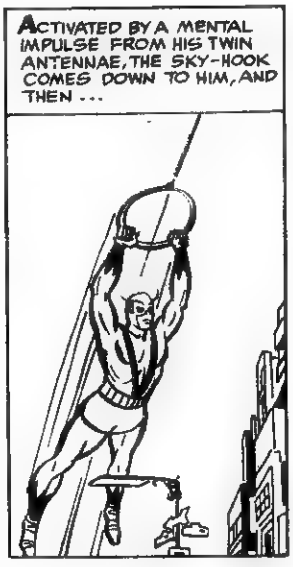
THE ASTONISHING ANT-MAN CAN ALSO GROW FROM ANT-SIZE TO GIANT-SIZE WITH EQUAL SPEED AND EASE...
...AND ONLY HIS OWN MENTAL CONTROL CAN LIMIT THE EXTENT OF HIS GROWTH...
HE MUST BE CAREFUL NOT TO EXCEED A HEIGHT OF TWELVE FEET, FOR AS HE GROWS BEYOND THAT HEIGHT, HE BECOMES PROPORTIONATELY WEAKER!
ONE OF GIANT-MAN'S NEWEST AND CLEVEREST GADGETS IS THIS REVOLUTIONARY CLIMBING-AID DEVICE...FOR USE WHILE HE'S ANT-SIZE!
SHOOTING IT UP TO ANY OBJECT, ITS SUCTION PADS ADHERE FIRMLY...AS ANT-MAN HOLDS THE SPOOLED-OUT WIRE BELOW...
THEN, AT THE PRESS OF AN ELECTRONIC BUTTON, THE WIRE RETRACTS, PULLING THE DIMUNITIVE ADVENTURER UP WITH IT!
ANOTHER BRILLIANT AID IS THE "AIR-GUN" WHICH HENRY PYM DESIGNED FOR THE WONDERFUL WASP! WORN ON HER WRIST, IT IS A TRULY UNIQUE WEAPON!
BY MEANS OF A CABLE RELEASE ATTACHED TO HER FINGER, THE WASP FIRES HER "GUN" BY MERELY BENDING HER WRIST!
ONE HIGH-POWERED BLAST EXERTS ENOUGH FORCE TO TOPPLE ALMOST ANY FOE!
ANOTHER OF ANT-MAN'S ASSETS IS HIS ABILITY TO RIDE HIS FLYING ANTS, OR TO BE PULLED BY THEM IN HIS INSECT-SIZED CHARIOT!
HOWEVER, HE NEEDS ALMOST NO WEAPONS OR GADGETS WHEN HE HAS GROWN TO HIS 12-FOOT GIANT-SIZE!
HIS TREMENDOUSLY-INCREASED STRENGTH IS USUALLY ALL HE NEEDS TO HELP HIM OVERCOME ANY FOES OR OBSTACLES!
THIS IS A MEDICINE-BALL SHOOTER HANK HAS RECENTLY DEVELOPED...
FIRING A HEAVY MEDICINE BALL FROM WALL TO WALL, IT AIDS HIM IN DEVELOPING HIS SPEED...
...TODAY, AFTER MANY LONG HOURS OF PRACTICE, GIANT-MAN'S SPEED, AGILITY, AND COORDINATION ARE MANY TIMES WHAT THEY WERE A YEAR AGO!


WHEN HE ATTAINS HIS FULL FIGHTING SIZE, GIANT-MAN CAN EASILY PRESS UPWARDS OF 2,000 POUNDS! WITH SUCH AWESOME STRENGTH, HE HAS LITTLE NEED FOR WEAPONS!

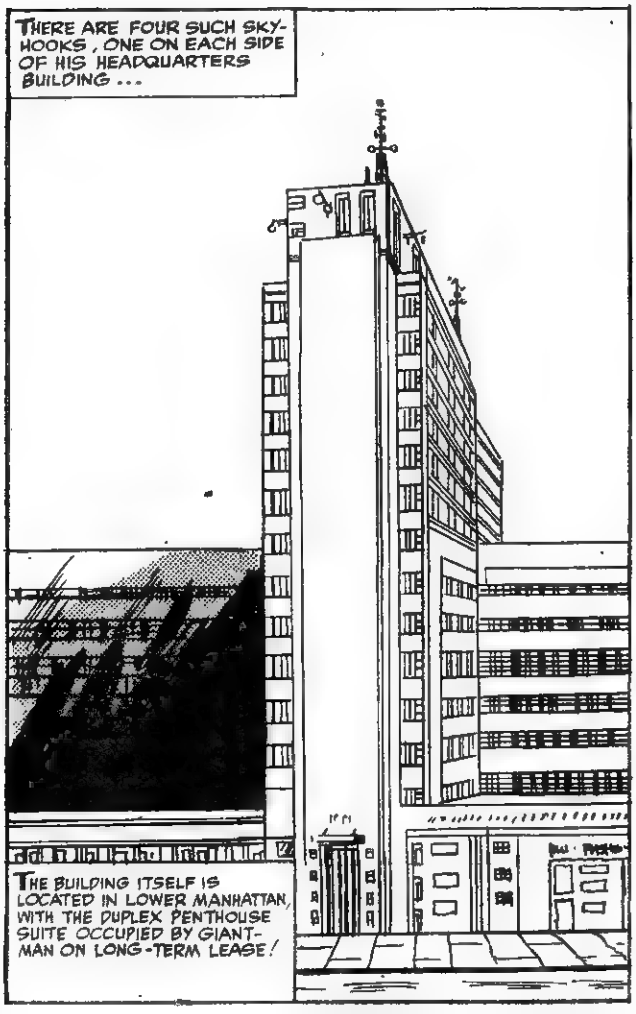

HIS AMAZING DEXTERITY, COUPLED WITH HIS OVER-DEVELOPED MUSCLES, ARE LIVING PROOF OF WHAT CONSTANT EXERCISE AND PRACTICE CAN DO!

HIS POWERFUL HANDS, TRAINED IN KARATE BY HIS FELLOW AVENGER, CAPTAIN AMERICA, ARE CAPABLE OF SPLITTING THE STRONGEST TELEPHONE POLE IN TWO!


ONE OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR OF HIS INVENTIONS IS THIS INCREDIBLE "SKY-HOOK" OUTSIDE THE WALL OF HIS HEAD-QUARTERS BUILDING...

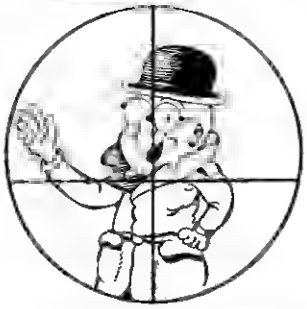

ACTIVATED BY A MENTAL IMPULSE FROM HIS TWIN ANTENNAE, THE SKY-HOOK COMES DOWN TO HIM, AND THEN ...

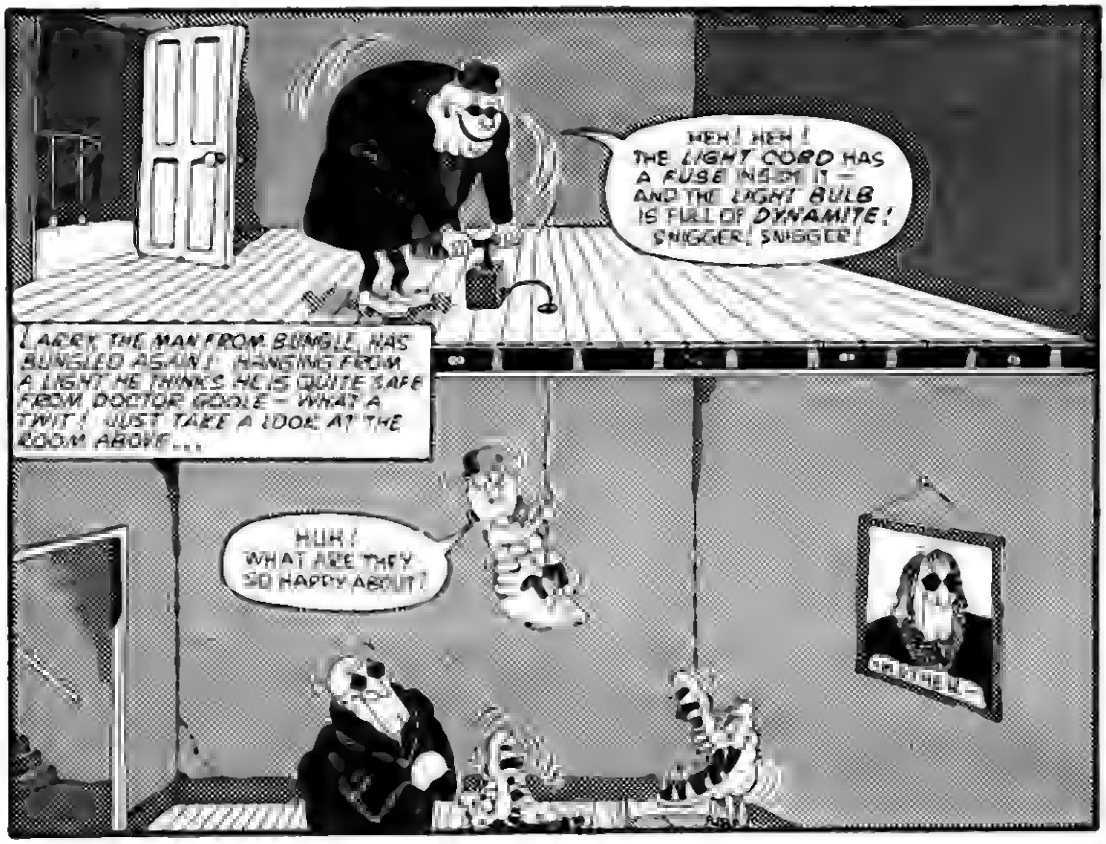
...ITS TENSION SPRING RELEASE ENABLES HIM TO REACH HIS QUARTERS IN A SPLIT-SECOND!

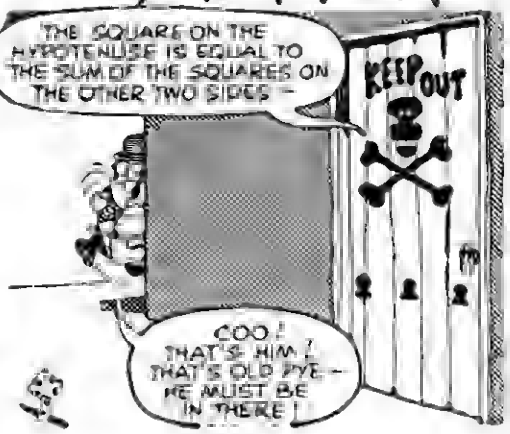

THERE ARE FOUR SUCH SKY-HOOKS, ONE ON EACH SIDE OF HIS HEADQUARTERS BUILDING ...
THE BUILDING ITSELF IS LOCATED IN LOWER MANHATTAN, WITH THE DUPLEX PENTHOUSE SUITE OCCUPIED BY GIANT-MAN ON LONG-TERM LEASE!

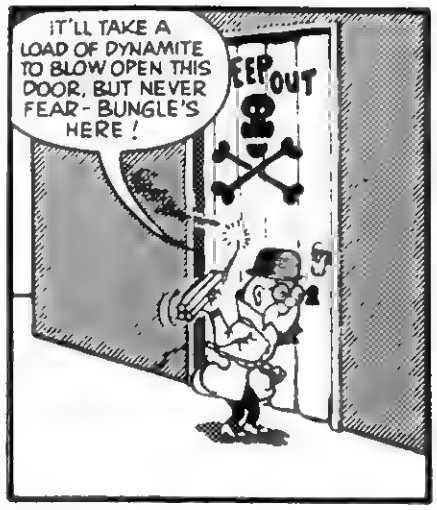
LAB SECTION AND WORK-SHOP OF GIANT-MAN'S DUPLEX PENTHOUSE... PAID FOR WITH ROYALTIES RECEIVED BY HENRY PYM FOR PATENTED BIO-CHEMICAL DISCOVERIES!
NOTE OVERSIZED GYM AND TRAINING AREA, WHERE GIANT-MAN CAN GET THE EXERCISE HIS ENORMOUS MUSCLES REQUIRE DAILY...
LOWER FLOOR CONTAINS REFERENCE ROOMS, COMMUNICATIONS SECTION, AND LIVING QUARTERS...ALL SOUND-PROOFED AND FITTED WITH COMPLEX BURGLAR ALARMS!
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE MORE OF THESE SPECIAL BONUS FEATURES? BE SURE TO WRITE AND TELL US, HEAR?

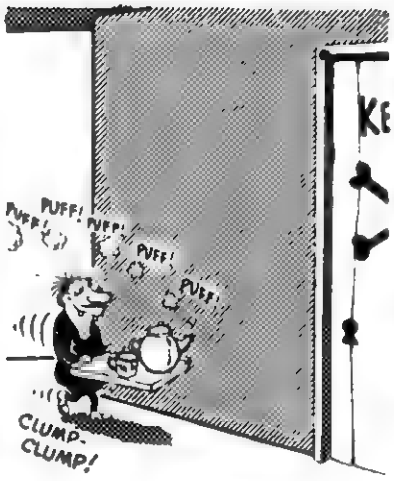
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.





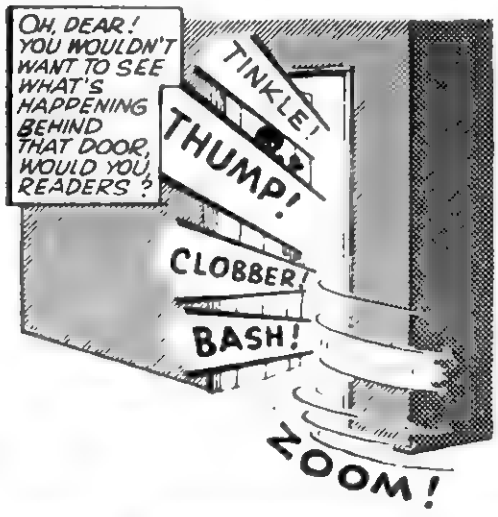


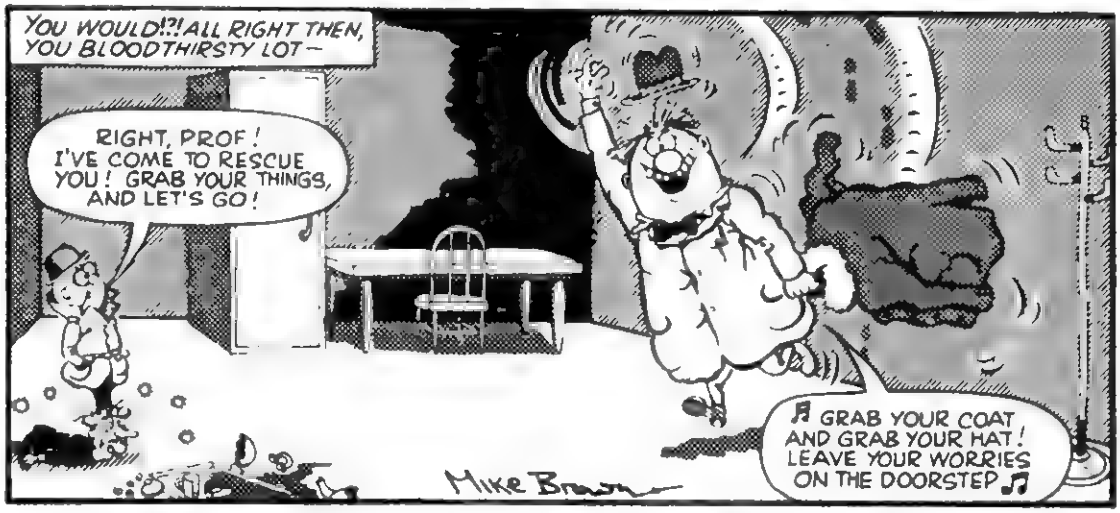

IT'LL TAKE A LOAD OF DYNAMITE TO BLOW OPEN THIS DOOR, BUT NEVER FEAR - BUNGLE'S HERE!
KEEP OUT


PUFF! PUFF! PUFF! PUFF!
CLUMP-CLUMP!

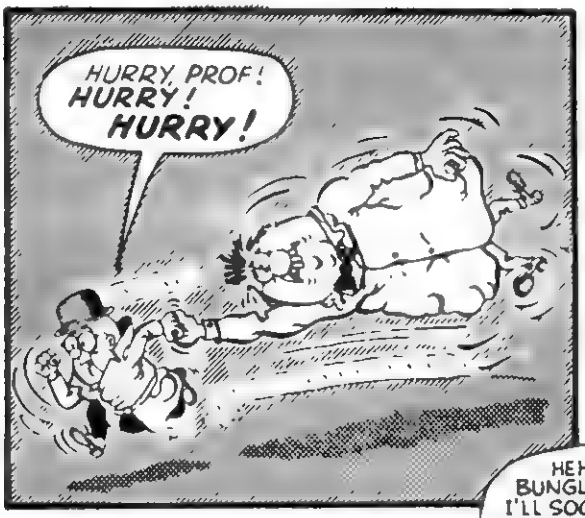
PUSH
GULP! THAT LITTLE SQUIRT JUST OPENED IT WITH HIS FOOT!
CLUMP-CLUMP!

SILLY ME! IT WAS UNLOCKED ALL THE TIME! OH, WELL - HERE GOES!
SICKLY GRIN

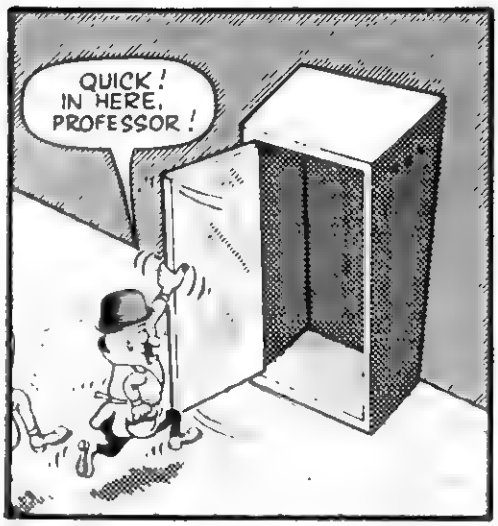

OH, DEAR! YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING BEHIND THAT DOOR, WOULD YOU, READERS?
TINKLE!
THUMP!
CLOBBER!
BASH!
ZOOM!

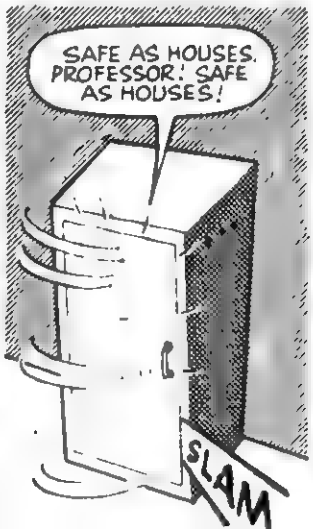

YOU WOULD!?! ALL RIGHT THEN, YOU BLOODTHIRSTY LOT—
RIGHT, PROF! I'VE COME TO RESCUE YOU! GRAB YOUR THINGS, AND LET'S GO!
♪ GRAB YOUR COAT AND GRAB YOUR HAT! LEAVE YOUR WORRIES ON THE DOORSTEP ♪
Mike Brown

THE D-DOORSTEP?— D-D-DOOR? OH, DEAR, I'VE JUST REMEMBERED—

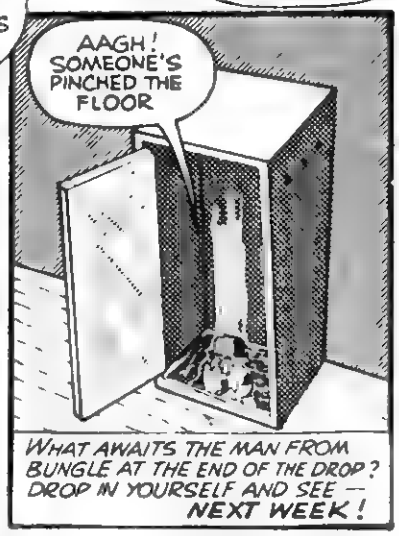

HURRY, PROF! HURRY! HURRY!

KEEP OUT
OH! GULP! IT'S TOO LATE! THAT DYNAMITE I LEFT THERE IS ABOUT TO EXPLODE!
G-GULP! ONLY BUNGLE COULD FORGET ABOUT LEAVING STUFF LIKE THAT LYING AROUND!
SKID!


QUICK! IN HERE, PROFESSOR!


SAFE AS HOUSES, PROFESSOR! SAFE AS HOUSES!
SLAM

HEH! HEH! HEH! BUNGLING LITTLE FOOL! I'LL SOON HAVE THEM BOTH IN MY CLUTCHES AGAIN! HEH! HEH! GUESS WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO THE LITTLE TWERP!


AAGH! SOMEONE'S PINCHED THE FLOOR
WHAT AWAITS THE MAN FROM BUNGLE AT THE END OF THE DROP? DROP IN YOURSELF AND SEE — NEXT WEEK!

MEET... Mister Knowall

CHRISTMAS means party time and that's when you Knowalls can really come into your own. And if you don't stagger the party with some cunning trickery I can only suspect that everyone else reads the Knowall Page, too. Anyway, 'nuff said . . . get a matchbox and a sixpence ready for the first trick. . . .

Put the sixpence into your matchbox—close it. Now challenge everyone to get the sixpence out without pushing open the tray or breaking the box.

When they give up, simply hold the box upside down and press the sides of the box—hard. The cover will bend for the sixpence to slide out into your hand.

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS!

Which is the end of a bottle?

When it is broken.

How do you make a jacket into a blazer?

Set light to it.

MAGIC HAT

Lay three party hats on the table. Now hold up a small sweet and invite everyone to inspect it closely. When this is done, you proudly announce that you are going to swallow the sweet—and afterwards put it under any of the hats your audience cares to choose from the table. **Impossible? NO!** When the hat has been chosen, just place it on your head. The sweet will **certainly** be underneath it!

You'll get a few funny looks for sure when you hold up a 1 ft. ruler and say you are going to make it three times as long.

Tell your audience to watch closely as you pretend to pull the ends as hard as you can. Then, just when everyone thinks you're crazy, put it on the floor and stand on it. 'Look, I've done it,' you yell—'I've put two feet on it'!

Then get ready to run for safety.

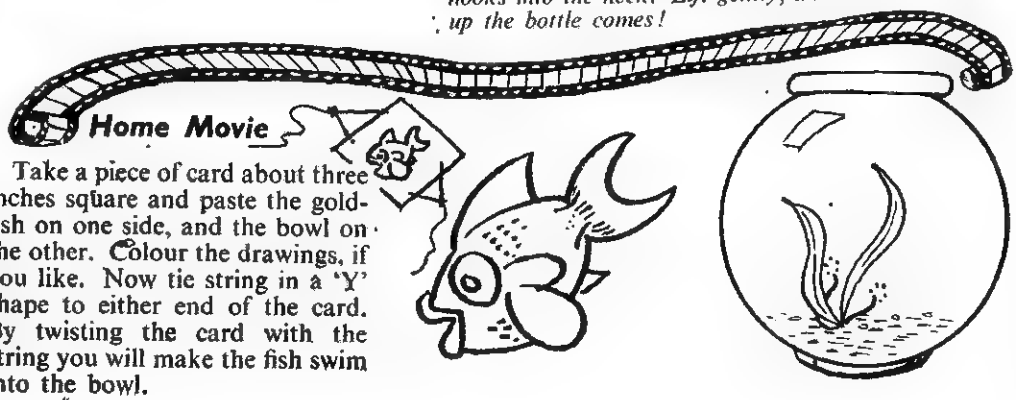
Last Straw

Produce a small bottle and a straw and challenge anyone to pick up the bottle with the straw. They must not, of course, touch the bottle with their hands at all—just the straw.

Quite a few will try—and give up. Now up you step to show them how. . . . Just bend the straw into a 'V' shape, with one arm of the 'V' longer than the other. When you push the point of the 'V' down into the bottle, you'll find that the shorter arm hooks into the neck. Lift gently, and up the bottle comes!

Home Movie

Take a piece of card about three inches square and paste the goldfish on one side, and the bowl on the other. Colour the drawings, if you like. Now tie string in a 'Y' shape to either end of the card. By twisting the card with the string you will make the fish swim into the bowl.



YOU wouldn't be a Knowall if you didn't know a new game to introduce at a party. I think you're sure to find one here. . . .

Just before the party, blacken the inside bottom of a basin by holding it over a lighted candle for a few minutes. Some time during the party bring in two basins, quarter-filled with water. One of them will be the basin you blackened earlier. Now, sit in a chair and dare anyone present to try to copy everything you do. Whoever takes you on, will sit in a chair facing you. Tell him to keep his eyes fixed on **you**, so that he will not make any mistakes—then hand him the blackened basin. Now the fun will start. Stick out your tongue . . . he will copy you. Wrinkle your nose; nod; grin—then run your finger inside the basin and rub it across your cheeks, your nose, your forehead. Get it? Your mate won't. Very soon he'll start wondering what all the others are laughing about! He'll find out soon enough when you hand him a mirror.

* * *

JUMBLED NEWSPAPERS

This is a game needing two teams. Give all the players on both teams, a newspaper with all the pages jumbled-up. The first member of the team runs to the other end of the room, arranges his paper in the right order, puts it on the floor, runs back and touches the second player in his team and he in turn runs forward to sort out **his** *newspaper. So the game goes on. The winners are the first team with all their papers in the right order.*

FEATHER FUN

All the players (about eight is an ideal number) sit in a circle with their hands behind their backs. A feather is thrown into the air and everyone starts to blow. For if it settles on a player, he or she is out! The last player to be left in is the winner. Players may stand up to blow the feather, but must stay erect, moving only their head and no other part of their body.

* * *

PEA-PICKERS

For this game you need two teams, with an equal number of people in each. Then, in front of both teams, place two saucers, one with twelve dried peas on it. Give each team member a drinking straw. At the word 'go', the first members of each team run forward to their respective saucers and move the peas from one saucer to the other. Sounds too easy? Probably because I forgot to mention they don't do this with their hands, they have to suck up the peas one at a time with their straws! The second person in each team returns the peas to their original saucer, by the same method and so on. First team to finish are the winners!

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The Feature I don't like is:

.....

My age is: .....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, HAVE TRAVELLED BACK IN TIME TO OLYMPUS, THE LEGENDARY HOME OF THE GREEK GODS, WHERE THEY SEEK THE CROWN OF ZEUS.
BUT OLYMPUS IS BEING ATTACKED BY THE GIGANTIC TITANS... AND ROLLO AND DANNY, THEIR ARMS BOUND, ARE DISCOVERED BY ONE OF THE GIANTS!

HE'S SEEN US, ROLLO!

AND TRUSSED UP AS WE ARE WE'RE COMPLETELY AT HIS MERCY!

THEY ARE SCOOPED UP... AND HELD BEFORE A FRIGHTENING FACE!

LITTLE MEN! WE MET ONCE BEFORE! THAT TIME YOU ESCAPED FROM ME! BUT THERE SHALL BE NO ESCAPE FOR YOU THIS TIME! I SHALL SQUEEZE YOU --- SLOWLY!

AND NOW WE LEAVE THE LEGEND TESTERS AT THIS DESPERATE MOMENT, FOR WE MUST WITNESS THE DRAMA THAT IS BEING ENACTED AT THE WALLS OF OLYMPUS...

THE TITANS ARE TOO POWERFUL FOR US, ZEUS! NOTHING CAN HALT THEM! WE ARE BEATEN!

ZEUS BEATEN? I WILL NOT – I CANNOT – BE BEATEN!

AM I NOT THE FATHER OF ALL GODS! ARE NOT EVEN THE VERY ELEMENTS MINE TO COMMAND?

AND NOW I CALL UPON THOSE ELEMENTS!

LET THERE BE WINDS SUCH AS HAVE NEVER BEFORE BEEN KNOWN! LET THE SKIES OPEN WITH RAIN! AND LET THE VERY EARTH TREMBLE AND SPLIT! I, ZEUS, COMMAND IT!

AND AS THE RINGING WORDS OF ZEUS DIE AWAY, A SUDDEN WIND SPRINGS UP, GAINING STRENGTH WITH EACH SECOND...

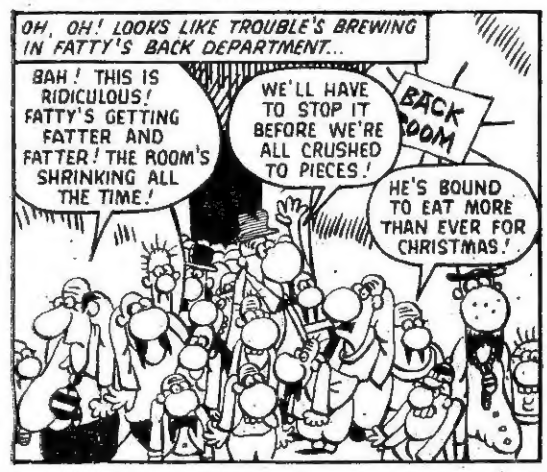
...UNTIL IT RAGES THROUGH OLYMPUS LIKE A THOUSAND VENGEFUL DEMONS!

LIGHTNING RIPS VIOLENTLY ACROSS THE DARKENING SKIES!

RAIN COMES WITH THE FORCE OF FALLING STONES...

AND ALL OLYMPUS SHUDDERS AS A MIGHTY EARTHQUAKE STIRS BENEATH IT!
AND NOW WE MUST HASTEN BACK TO ROLLO AND DANNY, HELPLESS IN THE GIANT GRIP OF THE TITAN AND WITH THE LIFE BEING SLOWLY CRUSHED FROM THEIR BODIES!
CAN'T... BREATHE...
THEN THE GRINNING GIANT STAGGERS AS THE FLOOR BENEATH HIM MOVES! AND ABOVE HIM THE ROOF CREAKS... AND SPLITS!
IN SECONDS THE MAGNIFICENT CHAMBER IS IN RUINS... AND ONE OF THE FALLING GREAT SLABS OF MASONRY STRIKES THE TITAN ON HIS ENORMOUS HEAD!
AAARGH!
THE GIANT DROPS LIKE A STRICKEN TREE— AND ROLLO AND DANNY CLAMBER FROM HIS RELAXED FINGERS...
WHAT'S HAPPENING, ROLLO?
IT'S AN EARTHQUAKE! AND BECAUSE OF IT WE'VE NO MORE TO FEAR FROM THIS FELLOW!
THANK THE STARS FOR THAT EARTHQUAKE! THE SHARP EDGES OF BROKEN MARBLE WILL QUICKLY SEVER YOUR ROPES!
BY THE TIME THEY ARE FREE, THE EARTHQUAKE IS OVER AND THE MIGHTY STORM CALLED UP BY ZEUS HAS ABATED.
NOW... LET US FIND OUT WHAT IS HAPPENING OUTSIDE!
WONDERINGLY, THEY MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE RUBBLE, WHICH IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF OLYMPUS...
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT ALL THIS HAS HAPPENED SO QUICKLY!
LOOK! THERE'S ZEUS!
WRAPPED IN HIS GLOOMY THOUGHTS ZEUS IS HARDLY AWARE OF THEIR APPROACH.
THE TITANS ARE DEFEATED! BUT AT WHAT A COST! OLYMPUS IS IN RUINS... AND EVEN MY CROWN IS SHATTERED INTO FRAGMENTS!
ROLLO STOOPS TO PICK UP ONE OF THE PIECES OF THE BROKEN CROWN.
WE CAME BACK IN TIME FROM THE FORTIETH CENTURY TO TEST A FRAGMENT OF METAL LIKE THIS, WHICH WAS REPUTED TO HAVE COME FROM THE CROWN OF ZEUS. CAN THIS BE THE PIECE? PERHAPS WE SHALL SOON KNOW!
AS ROLLO TAKES HOLD OF THE FRAGMENT, THE SCENE AROUND THEM GROWS MISTY...
EVERYTHING AROUND US IS BEGINNING TO FADE! WE'RE BEING TAKEN BACK TO OUR OWN TIME, ROLLO!
YES, DANNY! OUR QUEST IS OVER!
1,100 A.D.
900 A.D.
AND THEN THEY ARE RACING FORWARD THROUGH THE CENTURIES... ONWARD TO THEIR OWN TIME... ON TO WHATEVER NEW ADVENTURE AWAITS THEM!

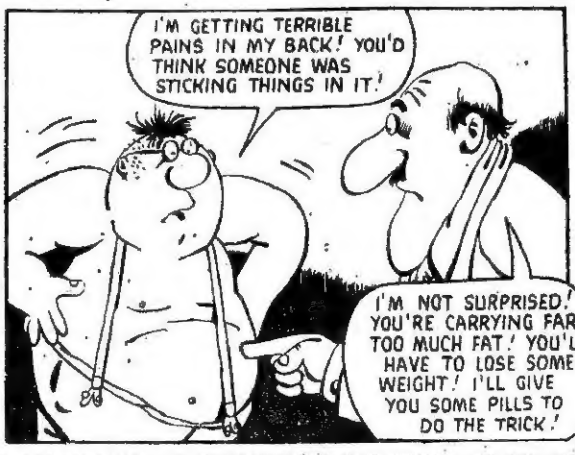
THE NERVS

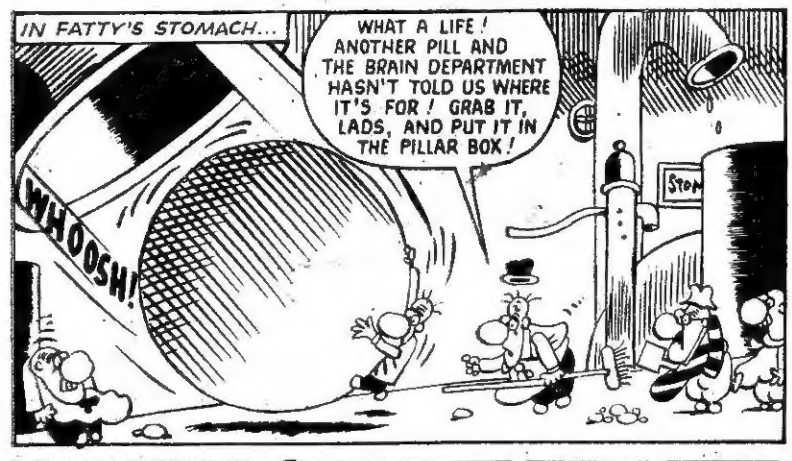

OH, OH! LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE'S BREWING IN FATTY'S BACK DEPARTMENT...
BAH! THIS IS RIDICULOUS! FATTY'S GETTING FATTER AND FATTER! THE ROOM'S SHRINKING ALL THE TIME!
WE'LL HAVE TO STOP IT BEFORE WE'RE ALL CRUSHED TO PIECES!
BACK ROOM
HE'S BOUND TO EAT MORE THAN EVER FOR CHRISTMAS!

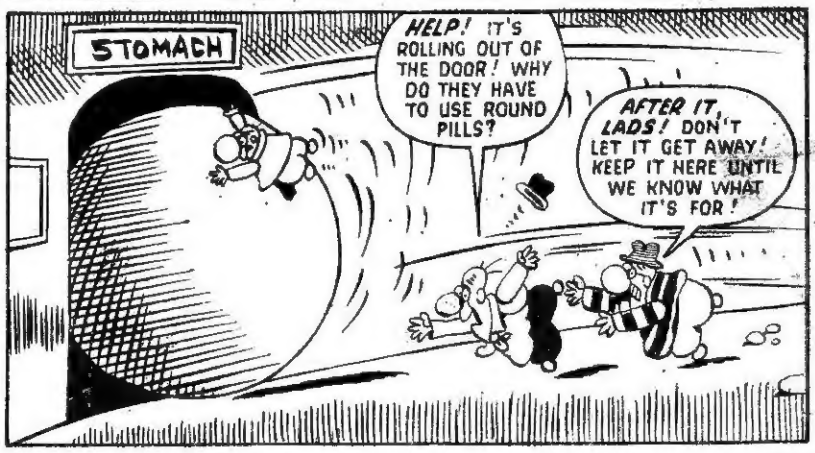
HALLO! HALLO! IS THAT THE NERVS WORK DEPARTMENT? SEND DOWN SOME MEN RIGHT AWAY— WE'VE GOT SOME URGENT WORK FOR THEM!

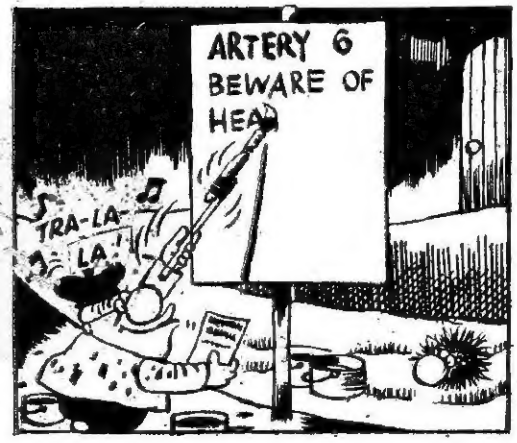
THE BACK WAY
HEIGH-HO! HEIGH-HO! IT'S OFF TO WORK WE GO!

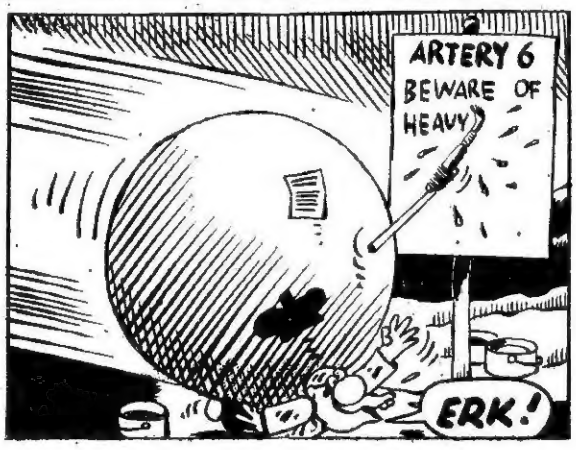
IN THE BACK DEPARTMENT...
GOSH! THIS FAT SURE IS TOUGH! IT'S GOING TO TAKE US A LONG TIME TO GET RID OF IT!
HUH! WE DON'T CARE HOW LONG IT TAKES! JUST GET RID OF IT!


I'M GETTING TERRIBLE PAINS IN MY BACK! YOU'D THINK SOMEONE WAS STICKING THINGS IN IT!
I'M NOT SURPRISED! YOU'RE CARRYING FAR TOO MUCH FAT! YOU'LL HAVE TO LOSE SOME WEIGHT! I'LL GIVE YOU SOME PILLS TO DO THE TRICK!

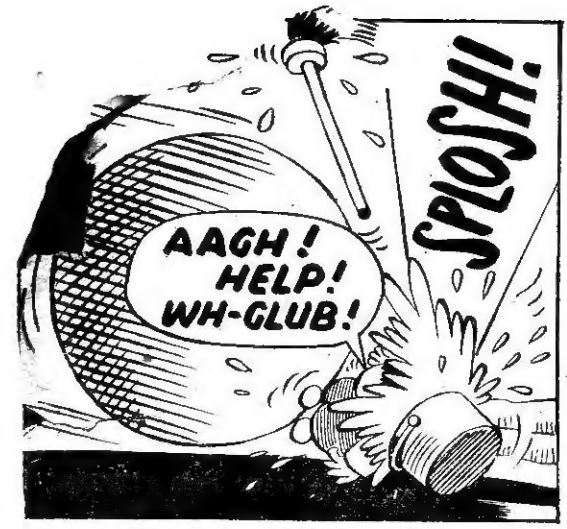

IN FATTY'S STOMACH...
WHAT A LIFE! ANOTHER PILL AND THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT HASN'T TOLD US WHERE IT'S FOR! GRAB IT, LADS, AND PUT IT IN THE PILLAR BOX!
WHOOSH!

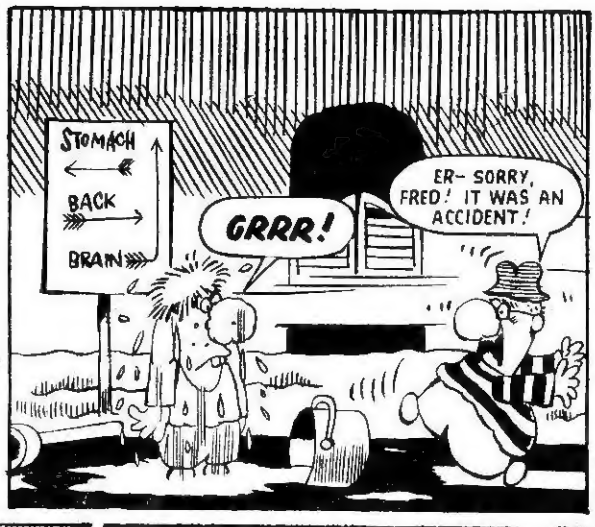

STOMACH
HELP! IT'S ROLLING OUT OF THE DOOR! WHY DO THEY HAVE TO USE ROUND PILLS?
AFTER IT, LADS! DON'T LET IT GET AWAY! KEEP IT HERE UNTIL WE KNOW WHAT IT'S FOR!


ARTERY 6
BEWARE OF HEA
TRA-LA-LA!

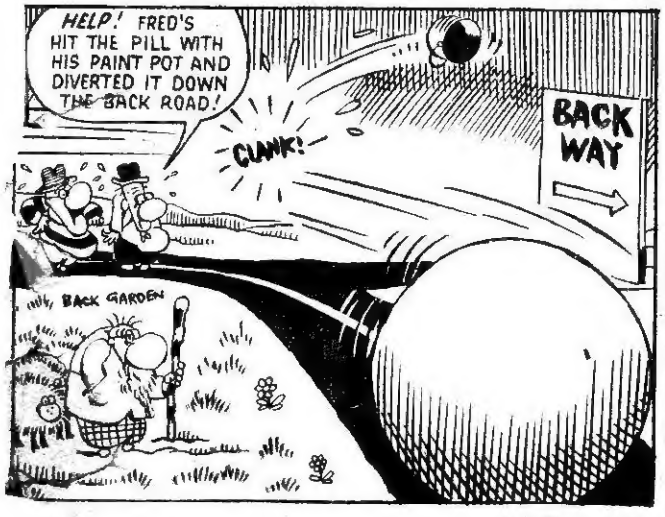

ARTERY 6
BEWARE OF HEAVY
ERK!

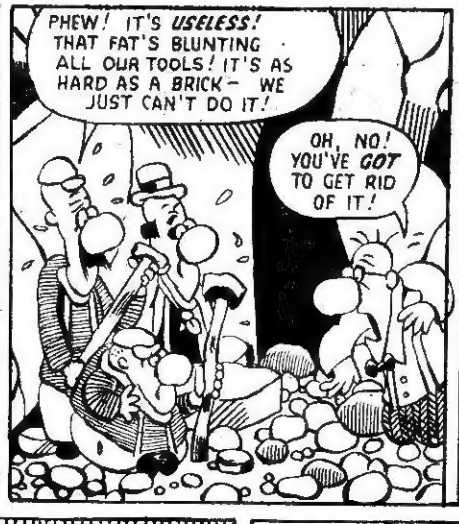
AND A BIT FURTHER ON...
STOMACH
BACK
BRAIN
HELP! WHAT'S THIS COMING! LOOK OUT!
SEMI-DETACHED, SUBURBAN MISTER JAMES!

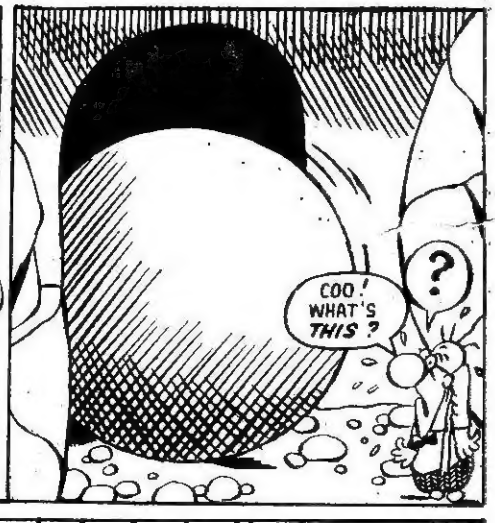

AAGH! HELP! WH-GLUB!
SPLOSH!

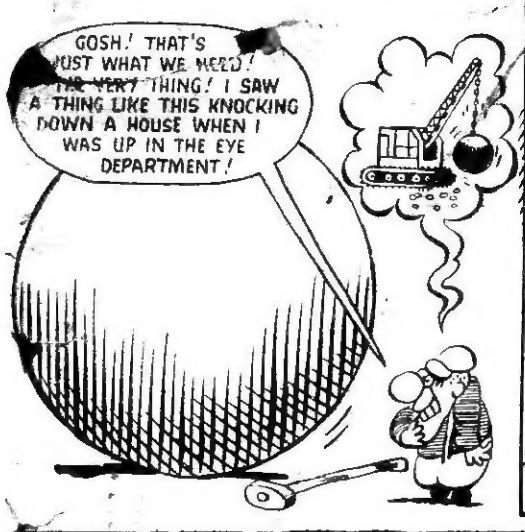

STOMACH
BACK
BRAIN
GRRR!
ER- SORRY, FRED! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

CARELESS STOMACH TWITS! THEY'RE ALWAYS LOSING THINGS! TAKE THAT, YOU WOTTERS!

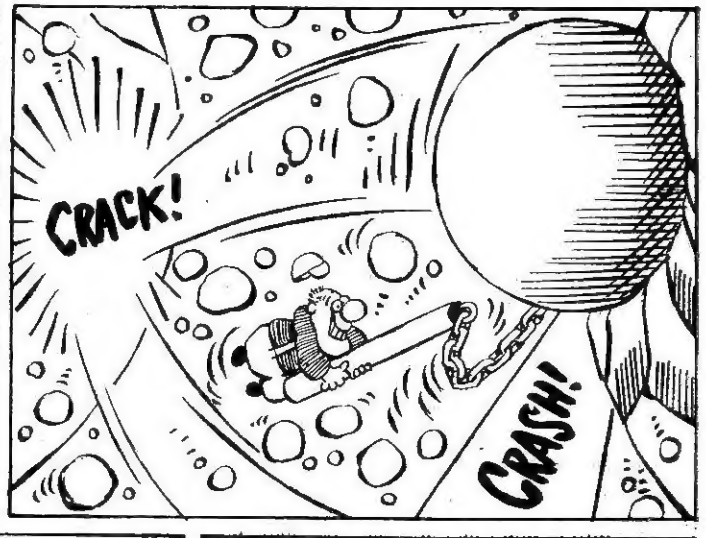

HELP! FRED'S HIT THE PILL WITH HIS PAINT POT AND DIVERTED IT DOWN THE BACK ROAD!
CLANK!
BACK WAY
BACK GARDEN

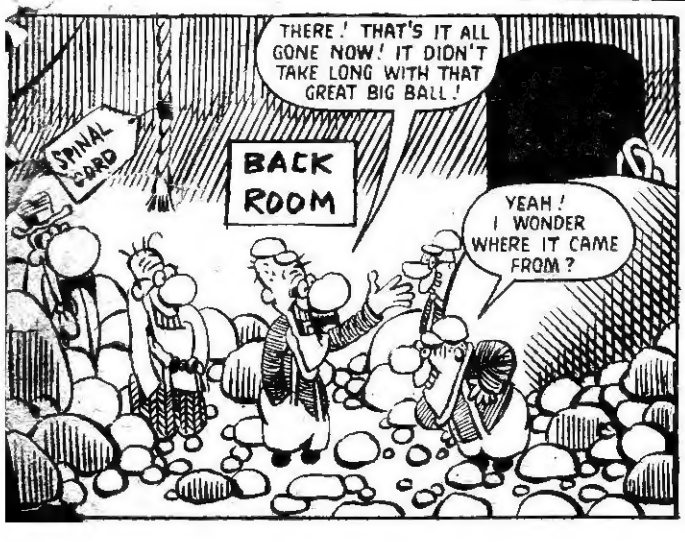

PHEW! IT'S USELESS! THAT FAT'S BLUNTING ALL OUR TOOLS! IT'S AS HARD AS A BRICK- WE JUST CAN'T DO IT!
OH, NO! YOU'VE GOT TO GET RID OF IT!

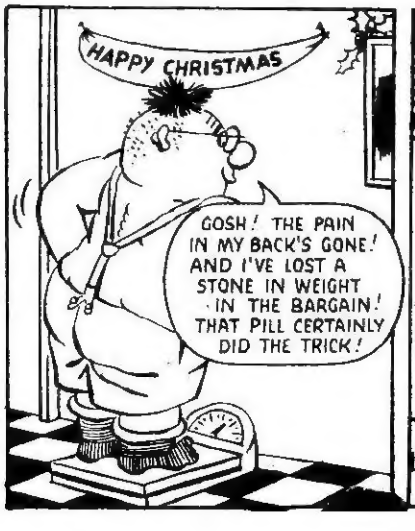

COO! WHAT'S THIS?
?


GOSH! THAT'S JUST WHAT WE NEED! THE VERY THING! I SAW A THING LIKE THIS KNOCKING DOWN A HOUSE WHEN I WAS UP IN THE EYE DEPARTMENT!

HO, HO! IT'S AS EASY AS PIE! WE'LL SOON GET RID OF THAT FAT NOW!


CRACK!
CRASH!


THERE! THAT'S IT ALL GONE NOW! IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG WITH THAT GREAT BIG BALL!
SPINAL CORD
BACK ROOM
YEAH! I WONDER WHERE IT CAME FROM?


HAPPY CHRISTMAS
GOSH! THE PAIN IN MY BACK'S GONE! AND I'VE LOST A STONE IN WEIGHT IN THE BARGAIN! THAT PILL CERTAINLY DID THE TRICK!

HUH! IT'S NO THANKS TO THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT THAT IT WORKED! THEY DIDN'T TELL US IT WAS MEANT FOR THE BACK DEPARTMENT! IT WAS PURE LUCK!
YEAH! IF I HADN'T THROWN MY PAINT POT...

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

AND ON DECEMBER 25, I PREDICT THAT IT WILL BE EXACTLY ANOTHER 365 DAYS TO CHRISTMAS!

AHA—THAT'S HIM—PROFESSOR HERMAN VON BUNSEN—THE BRIGHTEST BRAIN-BOX IN BRITAIN.

COO! HE'S A GENIUS!

AS HE LEAVES THE T.V. STUDIO, PROF. BUNSEN LITTLE REALISES WHAT LIES AHEAD...

OH, OH! HE MUST BE THE *ABSENT-MINDED* TYPE.

AAGH!

HEH! HEH! DOWN THE DRAIN WITH HIM!

HEH! HEH! ANOTHER PROFESSOR LOST TO THE BRAIN DRAIN! *SNIGGER!* WE CAN'T FAIL THIS WEEK! WE'LL GET OLD BRAINY HERE TO MASTERMIND A CHRISTMAS ROBBERY FOR US!

G-GULP! IF YOU SAY SO!

GET *CRACKING*, PROF, OR *ELSE!*

YAHOO! BRILLIANT! BRILLIANT HERMAN! IT'LL BE THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY!

AND SO...

CHOMP! CHOMP!

I'M GOING TO ASK FOR A RISE! THIS IS TOO MUCH LIKE **HARD WORK!**

HEH! HEH! NO ***RISES***, JUST ***DROPS!*** AND I'LL TAKE ***THIS!*** HEH! HEH!

PYBING!

SPLOOSH!

SNATCH!

ERK! **GLUB!**

NOW WHAT'S GRIMLY UP TO...?

THAT'S IT, LADS! TWO HUNDRED YARDS DUE WEST, THEN ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE YARDS DUE SOUTH. ACCORDING TO VON BUNSEN, THAT SHOULD BRING US OUT UNDER THE BANK OF ENGLAND! HEH! HEH!

DROOL!

PLAN

MANY HOURS LATER...

HEH! HEH! ALMOST THERE! THIS IS GOING TO BE A *GOLD* CHRISTMAS AFTER ALL! *CHORTLE!*

EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN!

AAGH!

STOMP

HO! HO! POOR FOOLS! MY CALCULATIONS WERE PERFECT! BACK ***HOME***— AND DEAD ON TIME!

AAGH! ROTTEN OLD BUNSEN! JUST LET ME GET AT HIM!

SQUARE ROOT

BOO-HOO-HOO! BOO-HOO-HOO!

GRRR! CHEAT! HE TOLD US WE'D BE UNDER THE BANK OF ENGLAND!

I WOULD MISS 'BAT FOR ANY *HEH! HE*